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FOUR COLOR COMIC
No. 34
DICK TRACY
by CHESTER GOULD

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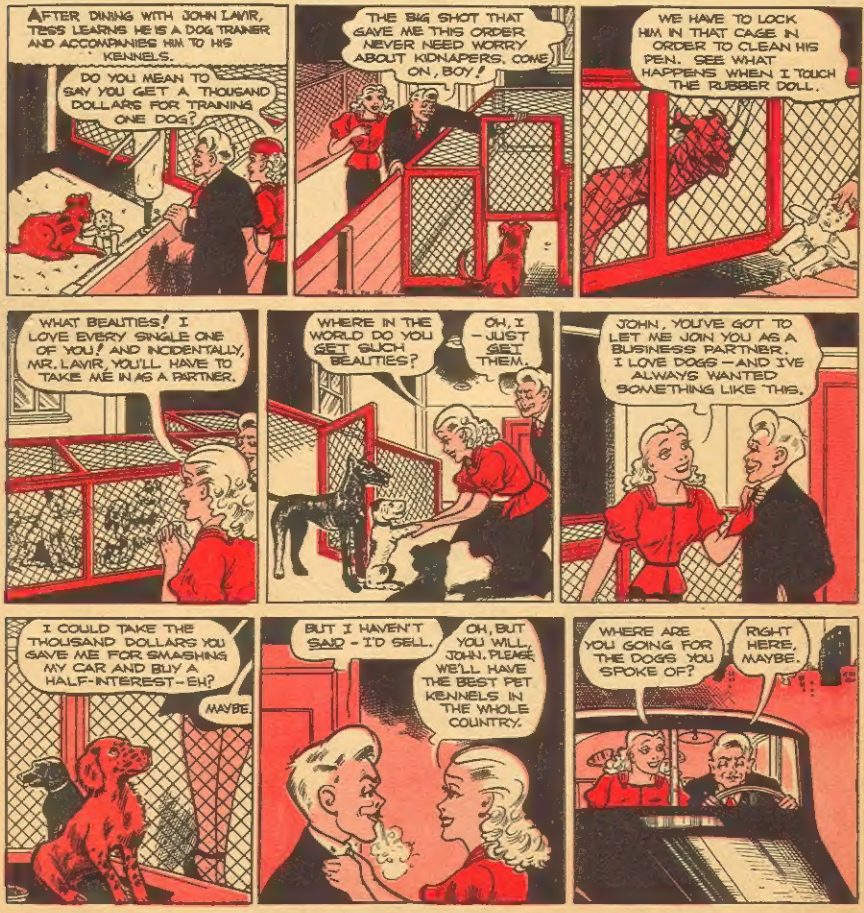
AFTER DINING WITH JOHN LAVIR, TESS LEARNS HE IS A DOG TRAINER AND ACCOMPANIES HIM TO HIS KENNELS.
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU GET A THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR TRAINING ONE DOG?
THE BIG SHOT THAT GAVE ME THIS ORDER NEVER NEED WORRY ABOUT KIDNAPERS. COME ON, BOY!
WE HAVE TO LOCK HIM IN THAT CAGE IN ORDER TO CLEAN HIS PEN. SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I TOUCH THE RUBBER DOLL.
WHAT BEAUTIES! I LOVE EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU! AND INCIDENTALLY, MR. LAVIR, YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE ME IN AS A PARTNER.
WHERE IN THE WORLD DO YOU GET SUCH BEAUTIES?
OH, I - JUST GET THEM.
JOHN, YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME JOIN YOU AS A BUSINESS PARTNER. I LOVE DOGS - AND I'VE ALWAYS WANTED SOMETHING LIKE THIS.
I COULD TAKE THE THOUSAND DOLLARS YOU GAVE ME FOR SMASHING MY CAR AND BUY A HALF-INTEREST - EH?
MAYBE.
BUT I HAVEN'T SAID - I'D SELL.
OH, BUT YOU WILL, JOHN. PLEASE. WE'LL HAVE THE BEST PET KENNELS IN THE WHOLE COUNTRY.
WHERE ARE YOU GOING FOR THE DOGS YOU SPOKE OF?
RIGHT HERE, MAYBE.

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CHESTER GOULD

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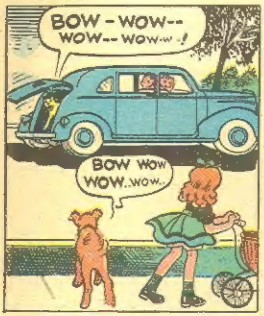
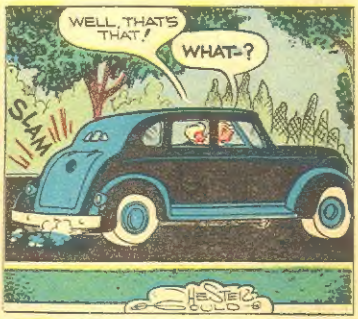
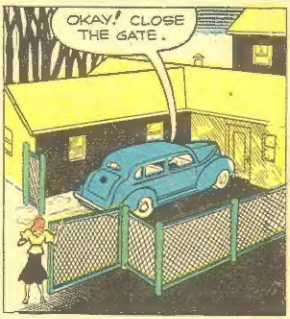
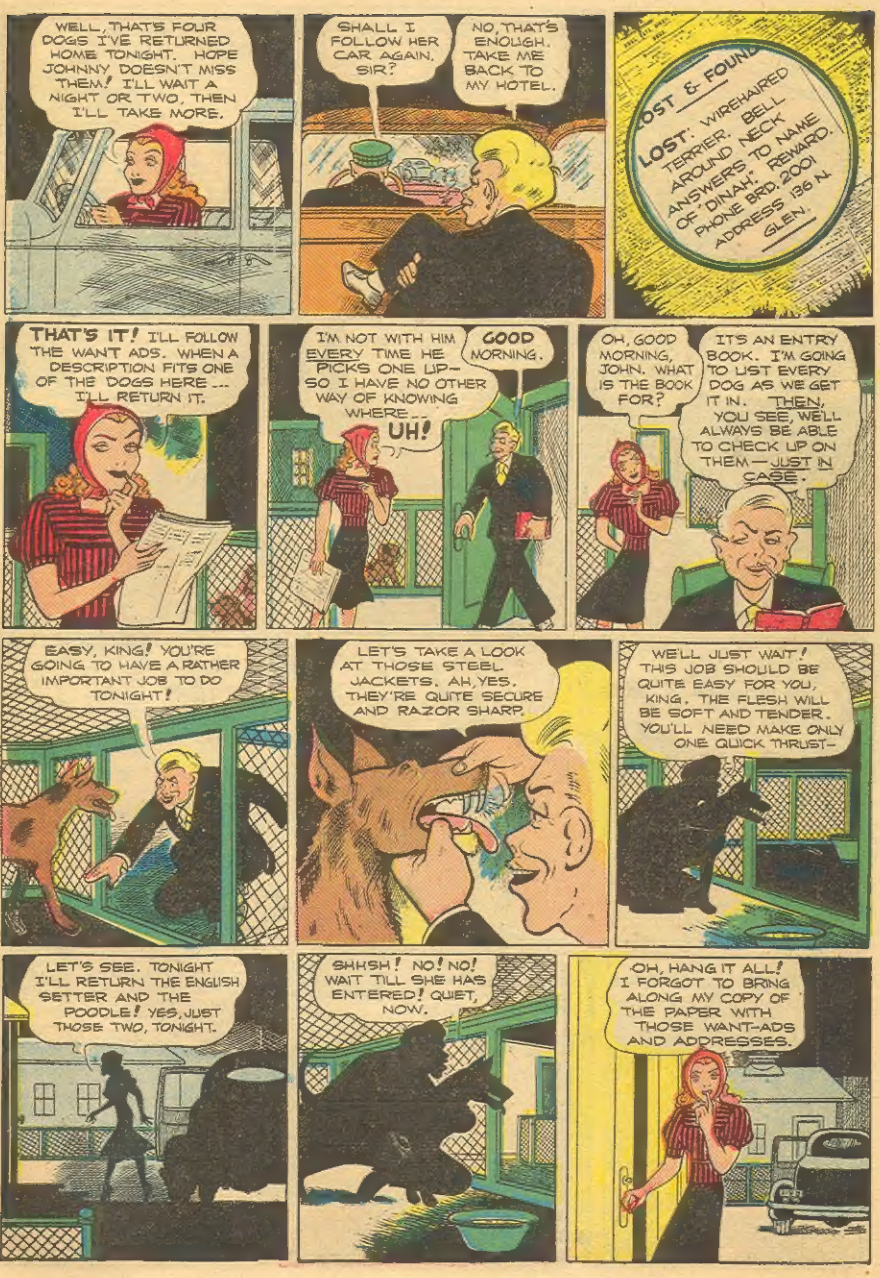


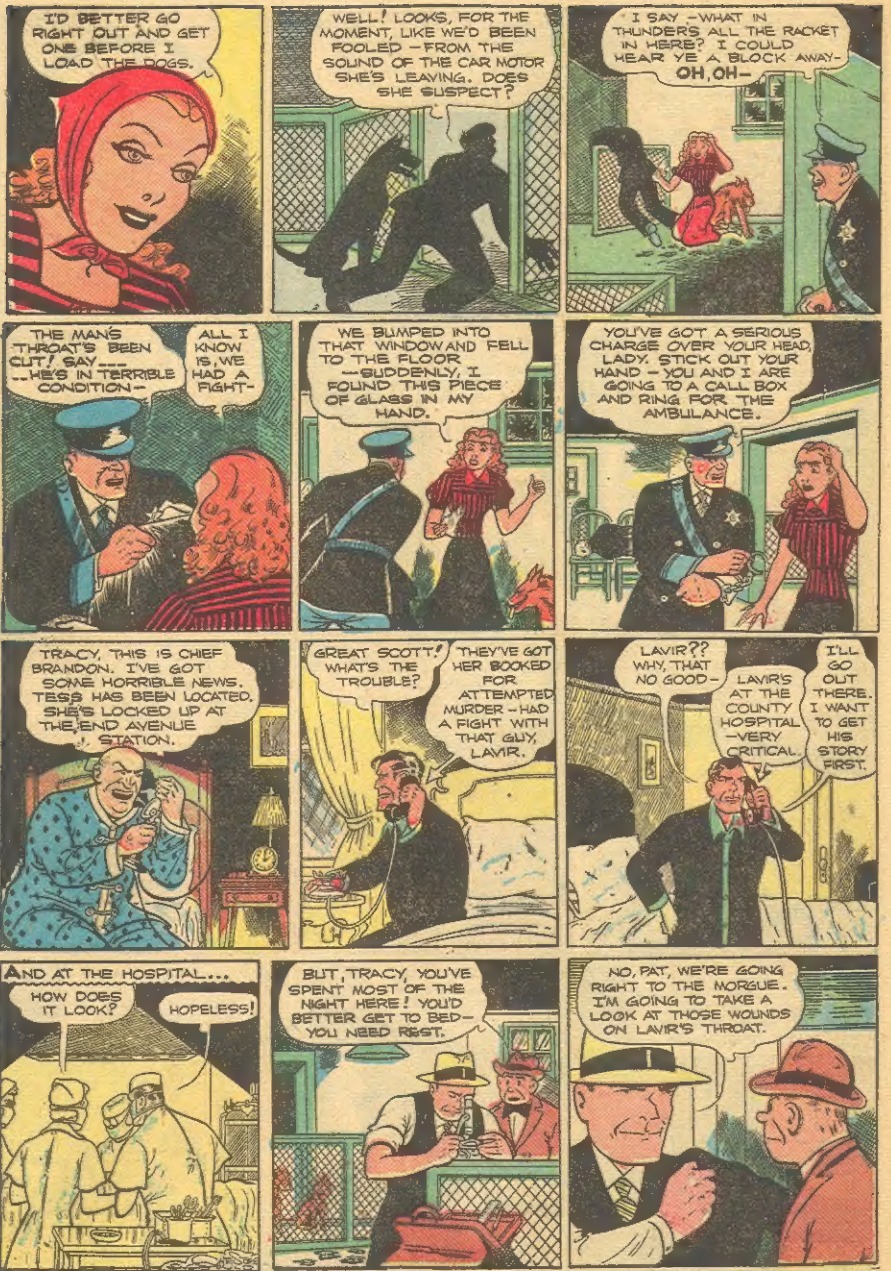




SHE WENT BY IN A CAR WITH THIS JOHNNY LAVIR WHILE I WAS STANDING WAITING FOR THE LIGHTS TO CHANGE -AND I HEARD DOGS BARKING IN THE CAR. GEE, IT WAS TERRIBLE.

HECK! I'D PLUG 'IM AND TOSS 'IM IN THE OLD WELL BEFORE I'D LET YOU HAVE HIM AT THAT PRICE.
OKAY, THEN HOW'S SEVEN-FIFTY?
SO HE DEALS IN STOLEN DOGS, EH? WELL, THAT'S TOO MUCH FOR ME. JUST WAIT TILL HE COMES BACK.
NO, SIR! AS LONG AS I'VE GOT YOUR CHECK FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS SHOWING YOU BOUGHT HALF INTEREST IN MY BUSINESS — I WON'T LET YOU GO.
I NEED A WOMAN AROUND HERE.
BUT YOU DEAL IN STOLEN DOGS! YOU'RE DISHONEST! YOU'RE —
LISTEN, BABE. THE FIRST TIME I LAID EYES ON YOU — I HAD DRIVEN 62 MILES TO KILL YOU!
— THEN I CHANGED MY MIND! NOW DON'T START THESE WHEELS GOING AGAIN! UNDERSTAND?
YES — I UNDERSTAND.
CESTER GOULD
SCENE: MIDNIGHT, AT THE DOG KENNELS.
THANK GOODNESS, I HAVE A KEY TO THE PLACE.
LET'S SEE... YESTERDAY HE STOLE A DACHSHUND AND A COCKER SPANIEL.
I WAS WITH HIM AT THE TIME, SO I KNOW WHERE THEY BOTH CAME FROM. GET IN THERE, BOYS.
HE CAN STEAL THE DOGS IN THE DAYTIME BUT I'LL TAKE THEM BACK AT NIGHT.' I'LL SHOW HIM.
COME ON, DOXY — THIS IS WHERE YOU BELONG. I'LL TIE YOU RIGHT TO THE FRONT PORCH.
AND AS FOR YOU, SPANIEL, I'LL JUST LEAVE YOU IN THE ENTRANCE HALL OF YOUR MASTER'S APARTMENT. YOU'LL BE FOUND.


WELL, THAT'S FOUR DOGS I'VE RETURNED HOME TONIGHT. HOPE JOHNNY DOESN'T MISS THEM! I'LL WAIT A NIGHT OR TWO, THEN I'LL TAKE MORE.
SHALL I FOLLOW HER CAR AGAIN, SIR?
NO, THAT'S ENOUGH. TAKE ME BACK TO MY HOTEL.
OST & FOUND
LOST: WIREHAIRED TERRIER. BELL AROUND NECK ANSWERS TO NAME OF "DINAH". REWARD. PHONE BRD. 2001 ADDRESS 136 N. GLEN.
THAT'S IT! I'LL FOLLOW THE WANT ADS. WHEN A DESCRIPTION FITS ONE OF THE DOGS HERE ... I'LL RETURN IT.
I'M NOT WITH HIM EVERY TIME HE PICKS ONE UP— SO I HAVE NO OTHER WAY OF KNOWING WHERE... UH!
GOOD MORNING.
OH, GOOD MORNING, JOHN. WHAT IS THE BOOK FOR?
IT'S AN ENTRY BOOK. I'M GOING TO LIST EVERY DOG AS WE GET IT IN. THEN, YOU SEE, WE'LL ALWAYS BE ABLE TO CHECK UP ON THEM — JUST IN CASE.
EASY, KING! YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A RATHER IMPORTANT JOB TO DO TONIGHT!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE STEEL JACKETS. AH, YES. THEY'RE QUITE SECURE AND RAZOR SHARP.
WE'LL JUST WAIT! THIS JOB SHOULD BE QUITE EASY FOR YOU, KING. THE FLESH WILL BE SOFT AND TENDER. YOU'LL NEED MAKE ONLY ONE QUICK THRUST—
LET'S SEE. TONIGHT I'LL RETURN THE ENGLISH SETTER AND THE POODLE! YES, JUST THOSE TWO, TONIGHT.
SHHSH! NO! NO! WAIT TILL SHE HAS ENTERED! QUIET, NOW.
OH, HANG IT ALL! I FORGOT TO BRING ALONG MY COPY OF THE PAPER WITH THOSE WANT-ADS AND ADDRESSES.


I'D BETTER GO RIGHT OUT AND GET ONE BEFORE I LOAD THE DOGS.
WELL! LOOKS, FOR THE MOMENT, LIKE WE'D BEEN FOOLED — FROM THE SOUND OF THE CAR MOTOR SHE'S LEAVING. DOES SHE SUSPECT?
I SAY — WHAT IN THUNDER'S ALL THE RACKET IN HERE? I COULD HEAR YE A BLOCK AWAY- OH, OH—
THE MAN'S THROAT'S BEEN CUT! SAY--- --HE'S IN TERRIBLE CONDITION—
ALL I KNOW IS, WE HAD A FIGHT-
WE BUMPED INTO THAT WINDOW AND FELL TO THE FLOOR --SUDDENLY, I FOUND THIS PIECE OF GLASS IN MY HAND.
YOU'VE GOT A SERIOUS CHARGE OVER YOUR HEAD, LADY. STICK OUT YOUR HAND — YOU AND I ARE GOING TO A CALL BOX AND RING FOR THE AMBULANCE.
TRACY, THIS IS CHIEF BRANDON. I'VE GOT SOME HORRIBLE NEWS. TESS HAS BEEN LOCATED. SHE'S LOCKED UP AT THE END AVENUE STATION.
GREAT SCOTT! WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
THEY'VE GOT HER BOOKED FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER — HAD A FIGHT WITH THAT GUY, LAVIR.
LAVIR?? WHY, THAT NO GOOD—
LAVIR'S AT THE COUNTY HOSPITAL —VERY CRITICAL.
I'LL GO OUT THERE. I WANT TO GET HIS STORY FIRST.
AND AT THE HOSPITAL...
HOW DOES IT LOOK?
HOPELESS!
BUT, TRACY, YOU'VE SPENT MOST OF THE NIGHT HERE! YOU'D BETTER GET TO BED— YOU NEED REST.
NO, PAT, WE'RE GOING RIGHT TO THE MORGUE. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AT THOSE WOUNDS ON LAVIR'S THROAT.

THIRTY MINUTES LATER
HAND ME THOSE CALIPERS. I WANT TO MEASURE THESE GASHES.
MCKEON
PAT, I BELIEVE THEY BROUGHT LAVIR'S WATCH DOG TO HEADQUARTERS, DIDN'T THEY?
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT.
OKAY! THE REST OF OUR NIGHT IS GOING TO BE SPENT WATCHING THE WATCH DOG.
WELL, HERE'S THE POOCH, DICK. A TOUGH LOOKING HOMBRE, IF YOU ASK ME.
OH, NO! YOU'RE NOT SUCH A BAD ACTOR, ARE YOU, OLD FELLOW? WHAT SAY, WE TAKE OFF THIS MUZZLE?
JUMPING JUPITER! WHAT HAVE WE GOT HERE??
HAND ME A PAIR OF PLIERS, PAT. I'VE GOT TO UNSCREW HIS TEETH!
PLIERS? UNSCREW HIS TEETH?
HELLO, MR. PROSECUTOR! SIT DOWN.
WELL, TRACY, WHAT MIRACULOUS REVELATIONS HAVE YOU MADE IN THIS LAVIR CASE?
OH, NOTHING MIRACULOUS — JUST SOME SILK THREADS CAUGHT ON A COUPLE OF SET SCREWS.
WELL, WHAT IN THUNDER ARE YOU FIDDLING WITH NECKTIES FOR? AND WHAT ARE THOSE LITTLE IRON THINGS?
WHY, SIR! I NEVER "FIDDLE" WITH NECKTIES! —AND THOSE AREN'T "LITTLE IRON THINGS"
AND THIS PIECE OF GLASS ISN'T WHAT CUT LAVIR'S THROAT!
ARE YOU CRAZY?
PROVING TO THE SATISFACTION OF THE PROSECUTOR AND ALL CONCERNED THAT IT WAS THE TEETH OF LAVIR'S OWN WATCH DOG THAT CAUSED THE DOG TRAINER'S DEATH, TRACY TURNS TO LEAVE, WHEN —
YOU'RE FREE, TESS. EXAMINATION PROVED THAT IT WASN'T THE PIECE OF GLASS IN YOUR HAND THAT CUT LAVIR'S THROAT.
SOB SOB SOB

GET UP, TESS. YOUR TROUBLES ARE ALL OVER.
DON'T TOUCH ME, DICK. I'M NOT WORTHY OF YOUR TOUCH—NOR EVEN A WORD FROM YOUR LIPS. JUST TO KNEEL HERE AT YOUR FEET IS ALL I ASK.
FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART, I WANT TO THANK ALL OF YOU. YOU'RE WONDERFUL..
AND TO YOU, DICK—WORDS CAN'T EXPRESS MY THOUGHTS—YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO IMAGINE THEM.
IT'S ALL RIGHT, TESS. GOOD-BYE NOW.
THE POOR KID'S PRETTY BADLY BROKEN UP.
HEY—WHAT'S THIS?
POLICE
SIDESWIPED!
BY A HIT-AND--RUNNER!
BANG
PURSUIT OF THE HIT AND RUN DRIVER CONTINUES DOWN THE CITY'S STREETS.
HIS CAR JUST WENT AROUND THAT BEND IN ASHLAND AVENUE! HE'S LOSING US.
YE GODS! WE'RE DOING SEVENTY NOW.
HE'S HARD TO SHAKE, BOSS — WE'D BETTER TAKE TO THE COUNTRY.
THIS STREET GOES OUT PAST THE STATE FOREST PRESERVE. THAT MUST BE WHERE THEY'RE HEADING!
POLICE
FIVE MINUTES LATER
DUMP THE KID AND THE PELTS HERE! THEN WE'LL GO ON. THIS THING'S TOO HOT TO GO THROUGH WITH.
BUT BOSS, THAT'S 10 GRAND WORTH OF SKINS!
I'M AFRAID WE'VE LOST 'EM, PAT. THERE ARE A LOT OF GRAVEL SIDE ROADS HERE.
HEY, LOOK!
THEY STOLE MY DADDY'S FURS—THEY'RE ROBBERS!

WERE YOU IN THAT CAR WE WERE CHASING, SON?
YES, SIR. THEY MADE ME GO WITH 'EM.
HOLY NED, TRACY! THIS IS A BUNDLE OF SILVER FOX FURS. WOW! FUR THIEVES!
WELL, I'LL BE JIGGERED! YOU PUT DRY PLASTER-PARIS ON THAT MUD AND MADE A MOULD.
LATER
YES, JUNIOR—AT LEAST WE HAVE A PLASTER CAST OF THE FUR THIEVES' TIRE MARK. PICK UP THE KIT, PAT.
I WANT TO GO HOME!
OKAY, MISTER. WITHIN A FEW MINUTES THE GIBBONS FUR FARM WILL WITNESS THE RETURN OF ONE SON AND ONE BUNDLE OF SILVER FOX.
WELL, THAT'S TEN GRAND WORTH OF FOX SACRIFICED JUST BECAUSE YOU SIDESWIPED A POLICE CAR. I THINK I NEED A NEW—CHAUFFEUR.
TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THE FUR THIEVES, MR. GIBBONS.
WELL, I DIDN'T SEE MUCH I WAS IN THE FEED SHED WHEN I HEARD MY BOY SCREAM.
I CAME OUT AS THE CAR LEFT. IT LOOKED LIKE A 1938 CHEVORD SEDAN. I'M NOT SURE ABOUT THE COLOR.
HEY, MR. GIBBONS! WAS THIS FENCE PAINTED JUST BEFORE THE ROBBERY?
ER-YES, IT WAS. I PAINTED IT THIS AFTERNOON
THE LOWER RAIL IN THIS FENCE IS JUST LICENSE PLATE HEIGHT. SOMEBODY'S CAR BACKED INTO IT SHORTLY AFTER IT WAS PAINTED.
BY HEAVENS! THERE ARE NUMERAL IMPRINTS IN THAT PAINT.
ISN'T MINE—I HAVEN'T HAD MY CAR OUT.
LOOKS LIKE THOSE NUMERALS READ "2017A", EH, PAT?
THAT'S IT, DICK.

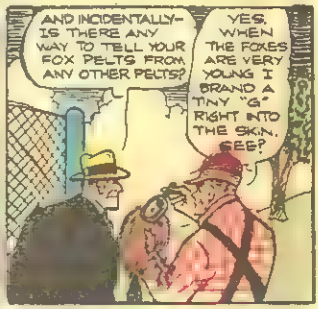
ALL RIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A 1938 CHEVORD WITH THAT LICENSE PLATE.
OF COURSE THE PLATES MAY BE STOLEN OR...THE CAR MAY BE STOLEN — OR BOTH.
GIBBONS FOX FARM
IT'S A BOX OF SKUNK SKINS THE BOYS LIFTED FROM A REFRIGERATOR CAR.
HM- GIVE ME THE PHONE.
BUT, MR. NATNUS, I CAN'T USE ANY SKUNK PELTS TODAY! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
YOU'RE GOING TO GET THEM JUST THE SAME, HENRIE. JUST LIKE YOU GOT THE MINK AND FOX AND SQUIRREL. HAVE FIVE GRAND READY WHEN THE BOYS GET OVER THERE.
YOU'RE THE PROPRIETOR OF THE STORE?
I AM.
WE'D LIKE TO SEE YOU IN PRIVATE. WE HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU.
I'VE GOT TO ADMIT - IT'S THE FINEST MINK I EVER SAW.
CONFIDENTIALLY, BROTHER- YOU CAN HAVE 'EM AT A SACRIFICE -FOUR GRAND, CASH!
OH, I SEE-EE! VERY WELL, GENTLEMEN, IT'S A BARGAIN.
HERE'S THE DOUGH, BOSS. HE FELL HARD.
GREAT. NOW DUFFY AND I WILL DON OUR DETECTIVE BADGES-GO INTO THE STORE, TELL HIM WE'RE THE LAW AND SEIZE THE STOLEN FURS. HE CAN'T OPEN HIS MOUTH.
WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE THAT LICENSE PLATE HUNCH WAS RIGHT. THIS IS THE CAR THAT SIDESWIPED US, ALL RIGHT!
YEAH. BREAK IT UP- SOMEONE'S COMING OUT.
SANITARY DEPT.
YOU SEE, I TOOK OVER AN OLD MEAT STORAGE WAREHOUSE. WE'RE GOING TO KEEP OUR STUFF THERE FROM NOW ON.
FOLLOW THAT CAR, DRIVER, BUT DON'T GET TOO CLOSE TILL WE GET THESE WHITE OUTFITS OFF.
BOYS, WE'RE IN BIG BUSINESS NOW — AND WE'RE GOING TO OPERATE LIKE BIG BUSINESS. FROM NOW ON YOU CAN CALL ME NAT, THE FUR KING.
WELL, WE KNOW WHERE THE FUR THIEVES' HEADQUARTERS IS NOW. IT'S THAT OLD WAREHOUSE.
WHAT'S THE NEXT MOVE, DICK?

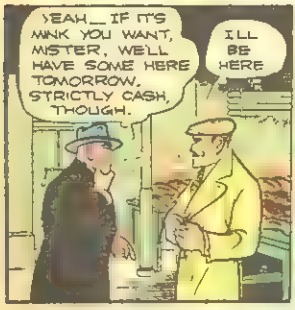
DICK TRACY

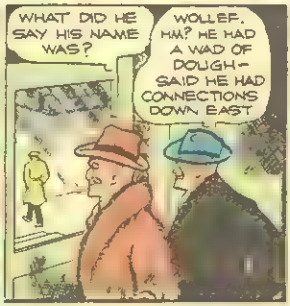
CHESTER GOULD

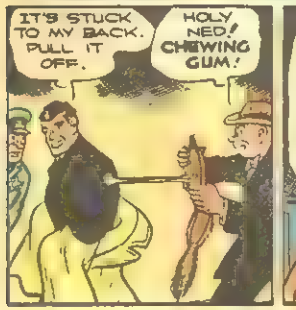
SYNOPSIS

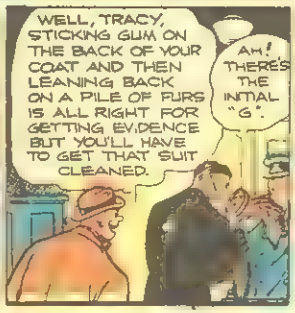
TRACY HAS FOLLOWED THE FUR THIEVE'S LEADER TO THEIR HEADQUARTERS, AN OLD WAREHOUSE. BUT AS HE WISHES TO CAPTURE THEM WITH EVIDENCE, HE DECIDES TO DO SOME MORE INVESTIGATING.

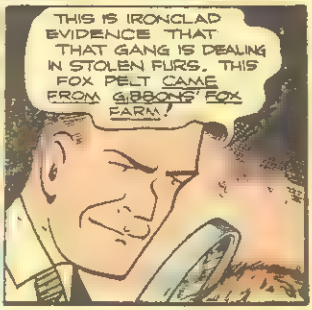

AND INCIDENTALLY— IS THERE ANY WAY TO TELL YOUR FOX PELTS FROM ANY OTHER PELTS?
YES. WHEN THE FOXES ARE VERY YOUNG I BRAND A TINY "G" RIGHT INTO THE SKIN. SEE?








WELL, TRACY, STICKING GUM ON THE BACK OF YOUR COAT AND THEN LEANING BACK ON A PILE OF FURS IS ALL RIGHT FOR GETTING EVIDENCE BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO GET THAT SUIT CLEANED.
AH! THERE'S THE INITIAL "G".

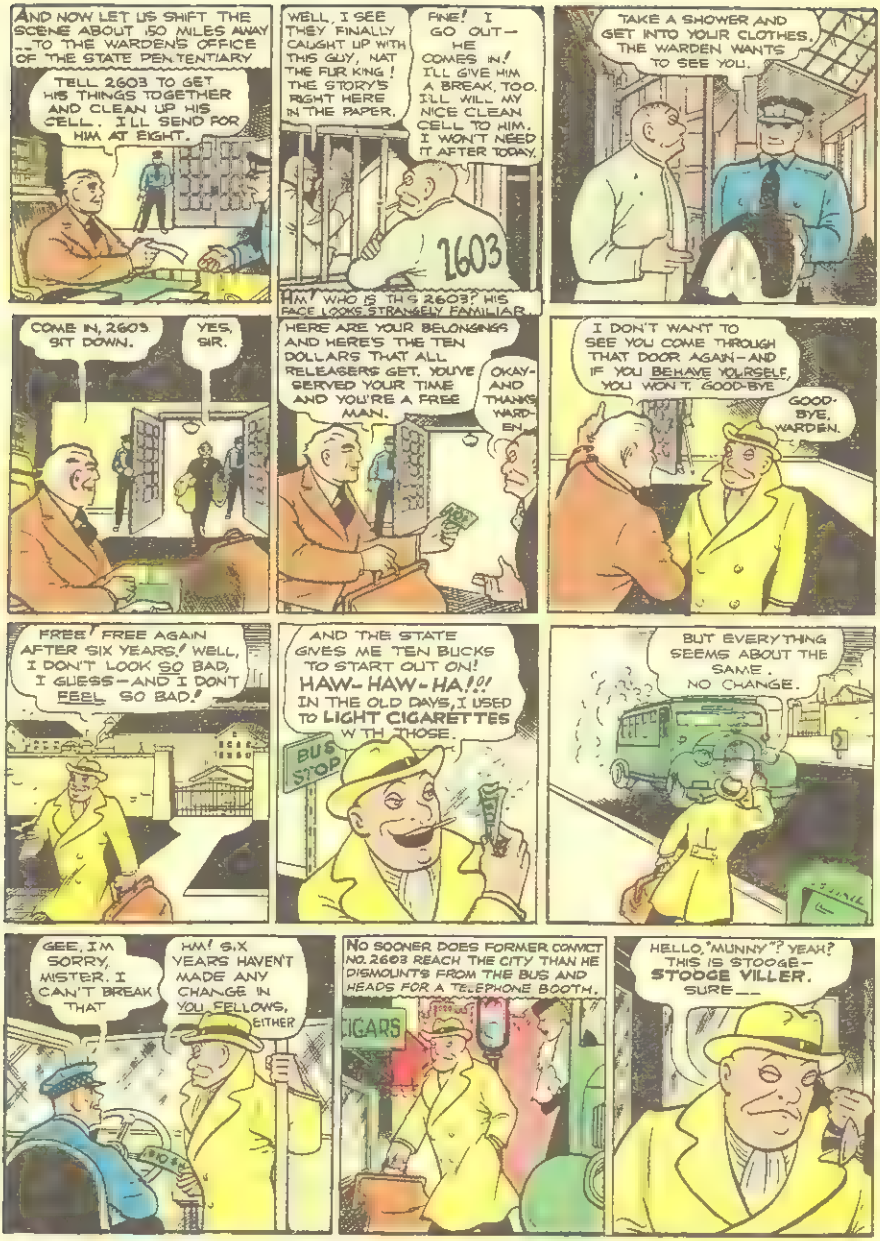


INCIDENTALLY, TRACY, THIS WALL MICROPHONE LISTENING SET YOU ASKED FOR IS READY
GOOD! I'M USING IT TONIGHT.
PAT, I WANT YOU TO CALL ON THE JEVNS REAL ESTATE COMPANY, WHO HANDLE THAT BUILDING THESE RASCALS LIVE IN, AND GET A FLOOR PLAN OF THEIR APARTMENT.
OKAY, YOU'RE THE AGENT FOR THE BUILDING -AND I'M AN ELECTRICIAN. YOU'RE HAVING ME MAKE AN ESTIMATE ON SOME NEW WIRING.
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
THIS IS THE ATTIC DIRECTLY OVER THEIR ROOMS.
OKAY! NOW GO DOWN TO THE BASEMENT AND UNSCREW THE FUSES FOR ABOUT 3 MINUTES, TO MAKE IT REALISTIC
YEAH?
PARDON, GENTLEMEN, BUT YOUR ELECTRICITY WILL BE CUT OFF FOR ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE MINUTES - THERE'S A LITTLE SHORT CIRCUIT.
WELL -- WE'RE ALL SET! NOW TO GET THESE "EARS" TURNED ON AND LISTEN!
IT'S FIFTY GALLONS OF OLD CRANKCASE OIL! LOAD IT IN YOUR "MILK" TRUCK AND MEET US AT MIDNIGHT AT THE CURVE!
MILK
WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT WITH THE WALL PHONES, DICK?
PAT, IS THERE A ROAD LEAVING THE CITY CALLED THE GANEVILLE ROAD?
YES, THERE IS.
GOOD! CALL THE ACME FUR FARMS AT DALTON AND TELL THEM NOT TO LET THEIR TRUCK DRIVER USE THAT ROAD.
MEANWHILE, I'M GOING ON A LITTLE SCOUTING TRIP ALONG GANEVILLE ROAD. I'LL EXPLAIN LATER.
WELL, I'VE BEEN UP AND DOWN THE GANEVILLE ROAD AND I DON'T SEE ANY PLACE SECLUDED ENOUGH FOR A STICKUP. THAT MESSAGE I OVERHEARD THE FUR THIEVES READING MUST HAVE BEEN A PHONEY.
BUT AS TRACY HEADS TOWARD TOWN, A TRUCK AND CAR PULL ONTO THE PAVEMENT FROM SIDEROADS

WE GOT THE DRUM OF OIL OUT HERE OKAY, BOSS.
GOOD. THE TRUCK OF FURS LEFT HARVARD AT ONE O'CLOCK. IT SHOULD BE HERE IN THREE MINUTES.
LET 'ER GO, BOYS. ALL FIFTY GALLONS OF IT.
OKAY FELLOWS, DON'T GET THAT OIL ON YOUR SHOES.
OVER THE BANK WITH THE BARREL AND GET DOWN IN THE WEEDS.
HERE SHE COMES, BOSS.
A HUGE TRUCK ROLLS DOWN THE HIGHWAY AND APPROACHES THE CURVE —
TOO LATE! THE DRIVER FEELS THE FRONT WHEELS LOSE TRACTION AS THEY STRIKE THE OIL. THE BIG TRANSPORT SLITHERS AND SLIDES...
SHE'LL TURN OVER ANY SECOND!
RETURNING TO GANEVILLE ROAD ON A HUNCH THAT THE STICK-UP GANG IS THERE, TRACY AND PAT DRIVE DIRECTLY IN TO THE PATCH OF OIL SPREAD BY THE BANDITS
DICK, WE'RE SKIDDING!
THEY'VE ROBBED THE TRUCK AND SET IT AFIRE.
WATCH OUT, PAT!
WE'RE GONERS, TRACY! WE'LL BURN, SURE!
DUCK YOUR HEAD.
GRR
LET'S MOVE, BOY. THE HEAT'S ON! HEY, PAT!
PAT! SNAP OUT OF IT! WE'RE ABOUT TO BE ROASTED ALIVE!
WOW! TALK ABOUT GETTING THE HOT FOOT!

OH---OH... OH-H.
... OH. OHH.
A VOICE - FROM THE TRUCK CAB!
WHY, THOSE DIRTY---! THEY KLONKED THE TRUCK DRIVER OVER THE HEAD AND LEFT HIM IN THE CAB TO BURN!
HERE'S ANOTHER MEMBER, PAT. HOW DO YOU FEEL?
ALL RIGHT, I GUESS. I MUST HAVE KNOCKED MY HEAD ON THE DASH WHEN WE TURNED OVER.
HOW ABOUT IT, OLD MAN? DID YOU GET A LOOK AT THEM? COULD YOU IDENTIFY THEM?
ER... YOU BET I COULD! I'D KNOW EVERY ONE OF 'EM! EVERY LAST ONE!
COME ON, BOYS - WE'RE HEADING FOR TOWN.
WHAT? AFOOT?
I WANT YOU TO REMAIN HERE IN TOWN AS A MATERIAL WITNESS AGAINST THESE FUR THIEVES. MEANWHILE, I'VE GOT A PLAN
CHIEF DOES YOUR WIFES COUSIN, FRED MARKEN STILL HAVE THAT FUR SHOP DOWN ON THE AVENUE.
YES - YES, HE DOES.
ONE HOUR LATER
MR MARKEN, WOULD YOU BE INTERESTED IN HELPING THE POLICE BREAK UP A RING OF FUR THIEVES?
WHY, YES TRACY BUT I...IVE NEVER HAD ANY DEALINGS WITH FUR THIEVES IN MY LIFE.
EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT, MR MARKEN. ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO IN THIS CASE IS PRETEND! INCIDENTALLY, CAN YOU GET HOLD OF MORE WALL PAPER LIKE THIS YOU HAVE ON YOUR WALLS?
WALL-PAPER? WHAT'S WALL-PAPER GOT TO DO WITH CATCHING FUR THIEVES?
WHO? OH FRED MARKEN, THE FURRIER ON THE AVENUE? WELL, HELLO, MR. MARKEN! IT'S A PLEASURE TO HEAR FROM A MAN LIKE YOU.
YES, I MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN SOME MINK AND SABLE - AT A BARGAIN. BUT BE CAREFUL, I DON'T WANT THE POLICE TO KNOW.

NOW CALL YOUR INTERIOR DECORATOR WHO PUT ON THIS WALL PAPER.
..LET'S SEE. THESE DRESSING BOOTHS ARE ABOUT TWO AND A HALF FEET WIDE AND SIX AND A HALF FEET HIGH. TELL HIM TO BRING ONE ROLL OF THIS SAME WALL PAPER.
WE'RE LEAVING FOR YOUR PLACE NOW, MR MARKEN, WITH THE FINEST MINK YOU EVER SAW.
THERE, THE WALLPAPER'S ALL ON.
OKAY! NOW GET YOUR TOOLS OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS YOU CAN.
IT'S 2 O'CLOCK, TRACY. THEY'LL BE HERE AT TWO-TWENTY
FINE! NOW KEEP CALM AND MAKE A DEAL WITH HIM FOR THE FURS - AND LEAVE EVERYTHING ELSE TO US.
YES, NAT THE FUR KING, YOU'VE BEEN CAUGHT RED HANDED ACCEPTING MONEY FOR STOLEN FURS. YOU'RE THROUGH!
HAVING OURSELVES PAPERED INTO THOSE SMALL DRESSING BOOTHS ENABLED US TO HEAR THE WHOLE TRANSACTION
CALL THE WAGON, PAT! AND AS FOR YOU, MR MARKEN, THANKS FOR YOUR COOPERATION... THE DECORATORS ARE WAITING OUT FRONT TO REPAIR YOUR WALLS.
IT'S OKAY, TRACY.
AHEM, ER - PARDON ME FOR MENTIONING IT, BOYS BUT I GUESS YOU'VE NOTICED - YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT
THOSE ARE ALL STOLEN FURS WE RECOVERED FROM NAT'S APARTMENT AND HIS STORAGE HOUSE.
KEEP THEM HERE TEMPORARILY
MEANWHILE, NOTIFY THE INSURANCE CLEARING HOUSE WE HAVE THEM. SEVERAL INSURANCE COMPANIES MAY BE INTERESTED IN THE RECOVERY OF THESE FURS


AND NOW LET US SHIFT THE SCENE ABOUT 150 MILES AWAY ...TO THE WARDEN'S OFFICE OF THE STATE PENITENTIARY
TELL 2603 TO GET HIS THINGS TOGETHER AND CLEAN UP HIS CELL. I'LL SEND FOR HIM AT EIGHT.
WELL, I SEE THEY FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH THIS GUY, NAT THE FUR KING! THE STORY'S RIGHT HERE IN THE PAPER.
FINE! I GO OUT— HE COMES IN! I'LL GIVE HIM A BREAK, TOO. I'LL WILL MY NICE CLEAN CELL TO HIM. I WON'T NEED IT AFTER TODAY.
2603
HM! WHO IS THIS 2603? HIS FACE LOOKS STRANGELY FAMILIAR
TAKE A SHOWER AND GET INTO YOUR CLOTHES. THE WARDEN WANTS TO SEE YOU.
COME IN, 2603. SIT DOWN.
YES, SIR.
HERE ARE YOUR BELONGINGS AND HERE'S THE TEN DOLLARS THAT ALL RELEASERS GET. YOU'VE SERVED YOUR TIME AND YOU'RE A FREE MAN.
OKAY— AND THANKS WARDEN.
I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU COME THROUGH THAT DOOR AGAIN— AND IF YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF, YOU WON'T. GOOD-BYE
GOOD-BYE, WARDEN.
FREE! FREE AGAIN AFTER SIX YEARS! WELL, I DON'T LOOK SO BAD, I GUESS— AND I DON'T FEEL SO BAD!
AND THE STATE GIVES ME TEN BUCKS TO START OUT ON! HAW-HAW-HA!?! IN THE OLD DAYS, I USED TO LIGHT CIGARETTES W TH THOSE.
BUS STOP
BUT EVERYTHING SEEMS ABOUT THE SAME. NO CHANGE.
GEE, I'M SORRY, MISTER. I CAN'T BREAK THAT
HM! SIX YEARS HAVEN'T MADE ANY CHANGE IN YOU FELLOWS, EITHER
NO SOONER DOES FORMER CONVICT NO. 2603 REACH THE CITY THAN HE DISMOUNTS FROM THE BUS AND HEADS FOR A TELEPHONE BOOTH.
CIGARS
HELLO, "MUNNY"? YEAH? THIS IS STOOGE— STOOGE VILLER. SURE—

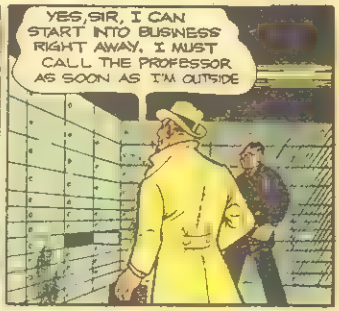
YOU FORGOT, EH? WELL, IT'S BEEN SIX YEARS! WHAT?? AW FORGET THE BIG DINNER—LISTEN—THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I NEED RIGHT NOW, MORE THAN I NEED FOOD.
I GET YOU!
SURE THING! I'LL ATTEND TO THAT RIGHT NOW STOOGE..... YEAH— IN THE OLD BARBER SHOP..... JUST ACROSS FROM THE LIBRARY.
ATTA BOY, MUNNY.
HM, LET'S SEE... HE SAID IT WAS A LITTLE BARBER SHOP JUST ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE LIBRARY— HM...OUGHT TO BE RIGHT ALONG HERE
I'LL SEE YOU AFTER LUNCH, PAT, I'VE GOT TO GET A SHAVE.
REMEMBER, YOU'VE GOT A CONFERENCE WITH THE CHIEF AT ELEVEN.
YEP, THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE HE SAID HE'D HIDE IT! WELL, I'LL STROLL PAST A COUPLE OF TIMES, THEN I'LL GO IN.
SAY??? THAT FACE — WHAT I SAW OF IT — LOOKED AWFULLY FAMILIAR!.... — THAT WALK — THE TILT OF THE HEAD—?? WHO....????
WHILE TRACY'S FACE IS BEING LATHERED ANOTHER CUSTOMER ENTERS
SCRAPE THE BEARD OFF IN A HURRY I'VE GOT A CONFERENCE WITH THE CHIEF AT ELEVEN.
YES, SIR.
YES, SUH!
GO EASY WITH THAT HAT, BOY. IT'S BRAND NEW.
HAIRCUT AND SHAVE?
LISTEN, DO I LOOK LIKE I NEED A HAIRCUT? THAT KNOB OF MINES BEEN KEPT CLIPPED FOR SIX YEARS! JUST A SHAVE.
STRANGER IN TOWN?
NOT EXACTLY! I'VE WORKED THIS BURG— I MEAN I'VE LIVED HERE MOST OF MY LIFE.
JUST BACK FOR A VISIT, EH?
NOoo! I'VE BEEN PERMANENTLY RELEASED FROM THE OLD JOB! I THINK I'LL STAY
HM?? NICK, KEEP THIS LATHER ON MY FACE TILL THAT FELLOW GETS UP, WILL YOU?
SURE, MIKE!

DROP IN OFTEN, BOSS. WE'S ALWAYS GLAD TO HAVE A NEW CUSTOMER.
THANKS, GEORGE. INCIDENTALLY, WHICH S THE NORTH SIDE OF THIS BUILDING?
RIGHT THERE, SUH, WHERE DAT LITTLE OLE WINDOW IS.
WELL, RAISE THAT WINDOW FOR ME. I WANT TO TOSS OUT THIS CIGARETTE STUB
THE WINDOW IS RAISED. AS THE SASH GOES UP THE STRANGER'S HAND REMOVES SOMETHING TACKED TO THE CASING.
LAWDY ME! A THOUSAND-DOLLAR BILL TACKED IN THE SLIDE OF THAT WINDOW CASING.
AH 'REVO.R GEORGE. —BY THE WAY, HERE'S MY CARD.
COMMISARY DEPARTMENT STATE PENITENTIARY
OCT 25 1932
IN ACCOUNT WITH
Stooge Viller
25 cigars $2.50
STOOGE VILLER! THE ONLY HOODLUM I EVER SENT UP THE RIVER WHO'S COME BACK, AND HIS GANG HAS STAKED HIM ALREADY! HM???
AHA! ONE GRAND! THE GANG DIDN'T LET ME DOWN. THEY LEFT IT RIGHT IN THAT BARBER SHOP WINDOW SILL JUST AS THEY SAID THEY WOULD. NOW I CAN NAVIGATE.
YOU DIDN'T SEE ANY ONE RAISE THAT WINDOW A WHILE AGO, DID YOU, GEORGE?
NO, SUH! I DON'T 'MEMBER SEEING AT WINDOW RAISED IN TWELVE YEARS
WELL, SOME ONE STAKED STOOGE VILLER TO A THOUSAND DOLLARS. THAT MEANS HE'S STILL GOT PALS. AND WHEN HE'S GOT PALS, I'VE GOT TROUBLES. SO LONG, BOYS.
HELLO, MOE. HAVE YOU STILL GOT THE KEY I GAVE YOU IN 1933? REMEMBER, I OWED YOU $500 — AND I SAID IF YOU'D KEEP MY KEY I'D PAY YOU WHEN I GOT OUT?
STOOGE!
YES, SIR, HERE'S YOUR KEY — JUST LIKE YOU LEFT IT.
AND HERE, MOE, IS YOUR FIVE HUNDRED.
I PAID THE RENTAL EVERY YEAR WITH THE MONEY YOU SENT ME!
WELL, SO LONG, MOE. I'VE GOT A DATE NOW AT THE MID-TOWN SAFETY DEPOSIT VAULTS.

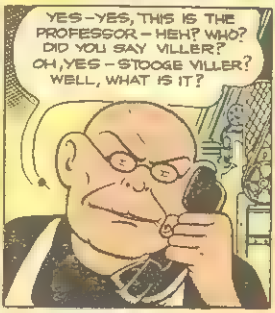
DICK TRACY

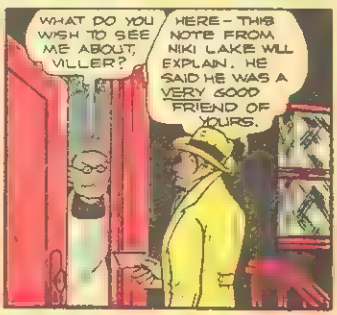
CHESTER GOULD

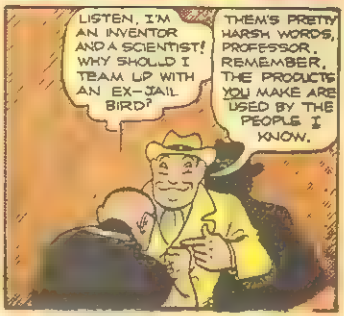
SYNOPSIS IN A BARBER SHOP TRACY SPOTS STOOGE VILLER, RECENTLY RETURNED FROM PRISON. STOOGE COLLECTS A $1,000 BILL STUCK ON THE BARBER SHOP WINDOW AND PROCEEDS TO A CERTAIN BANK.



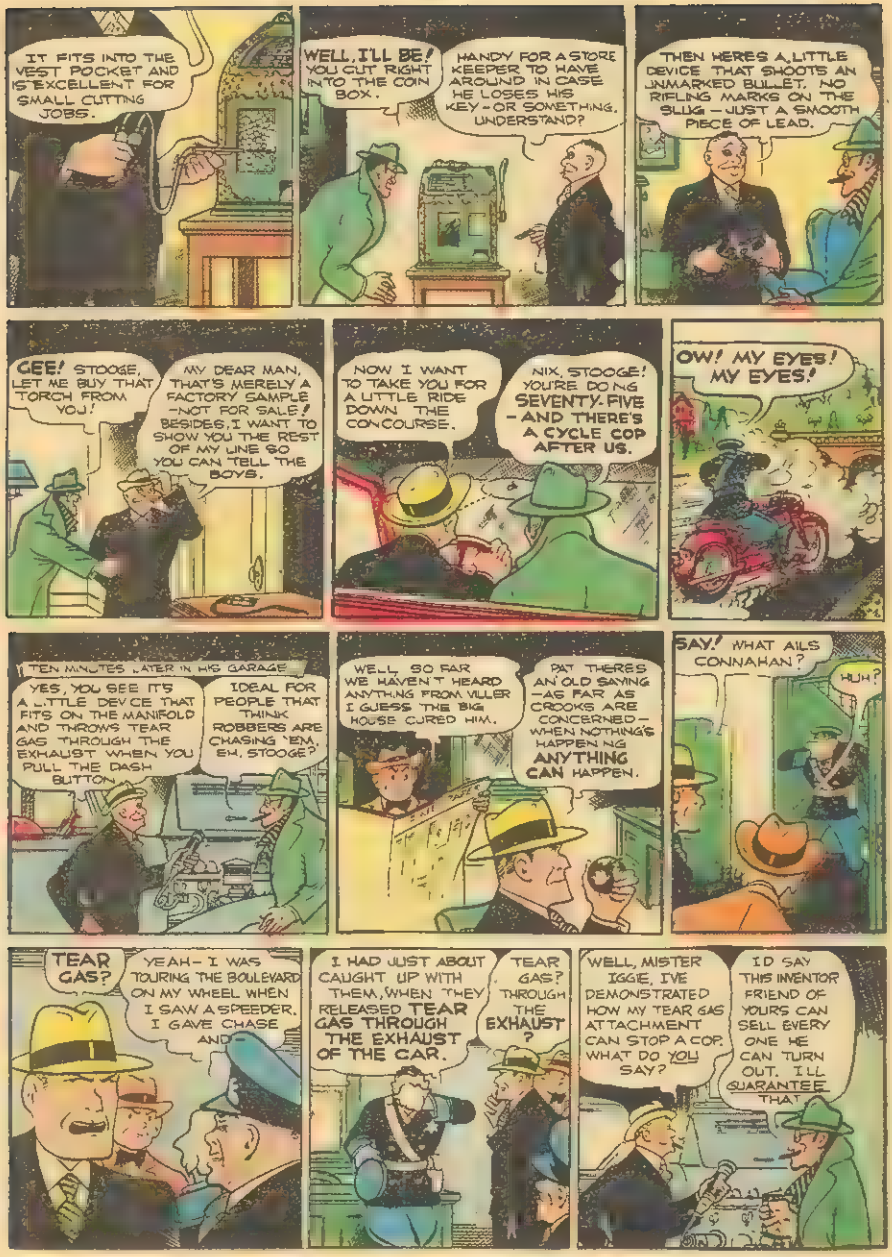
A FEW MINUTES LATER IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN, A STRANGE, GNOME-LIKE FIGURE IS STOPPED IN HIS ACTIVITIES BY THE RINGING OF A TELEPHONE
R-RING

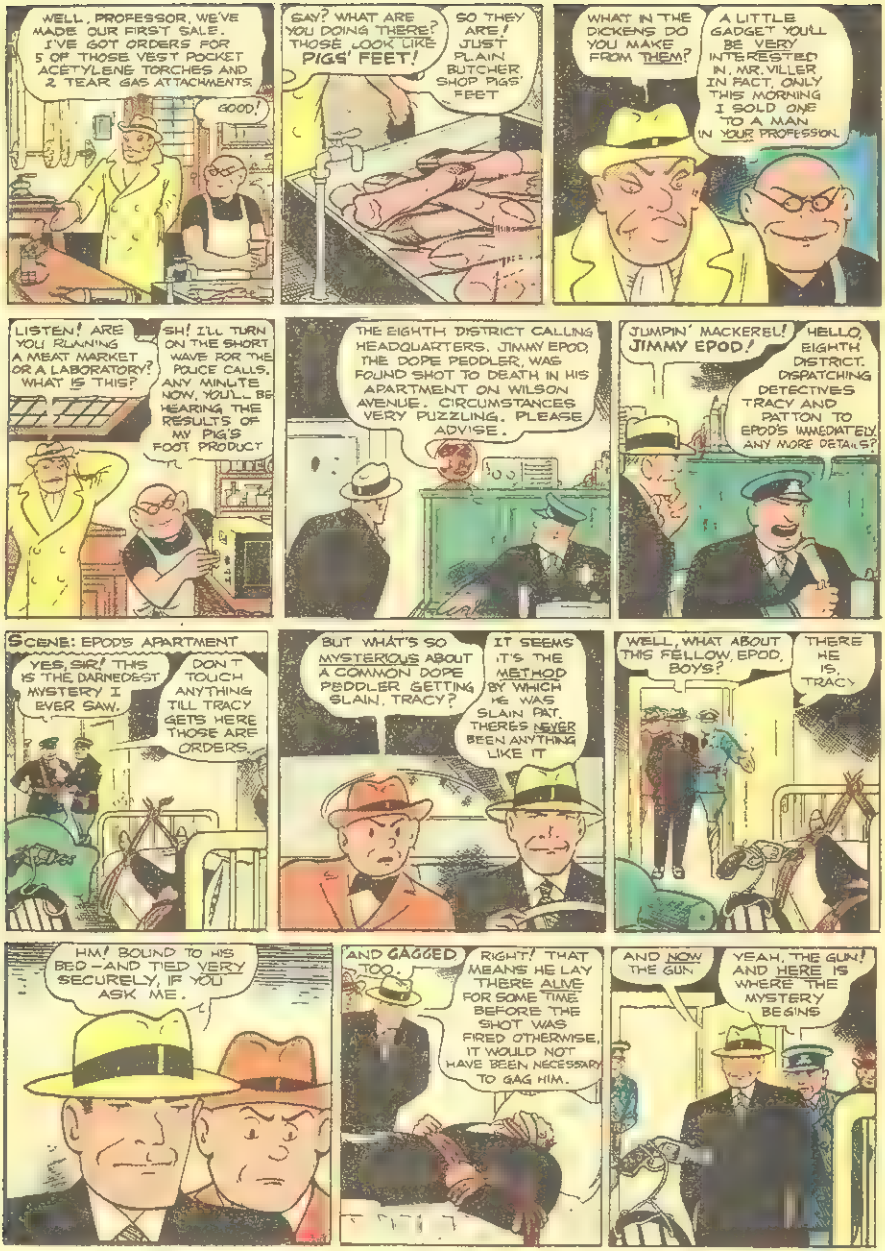




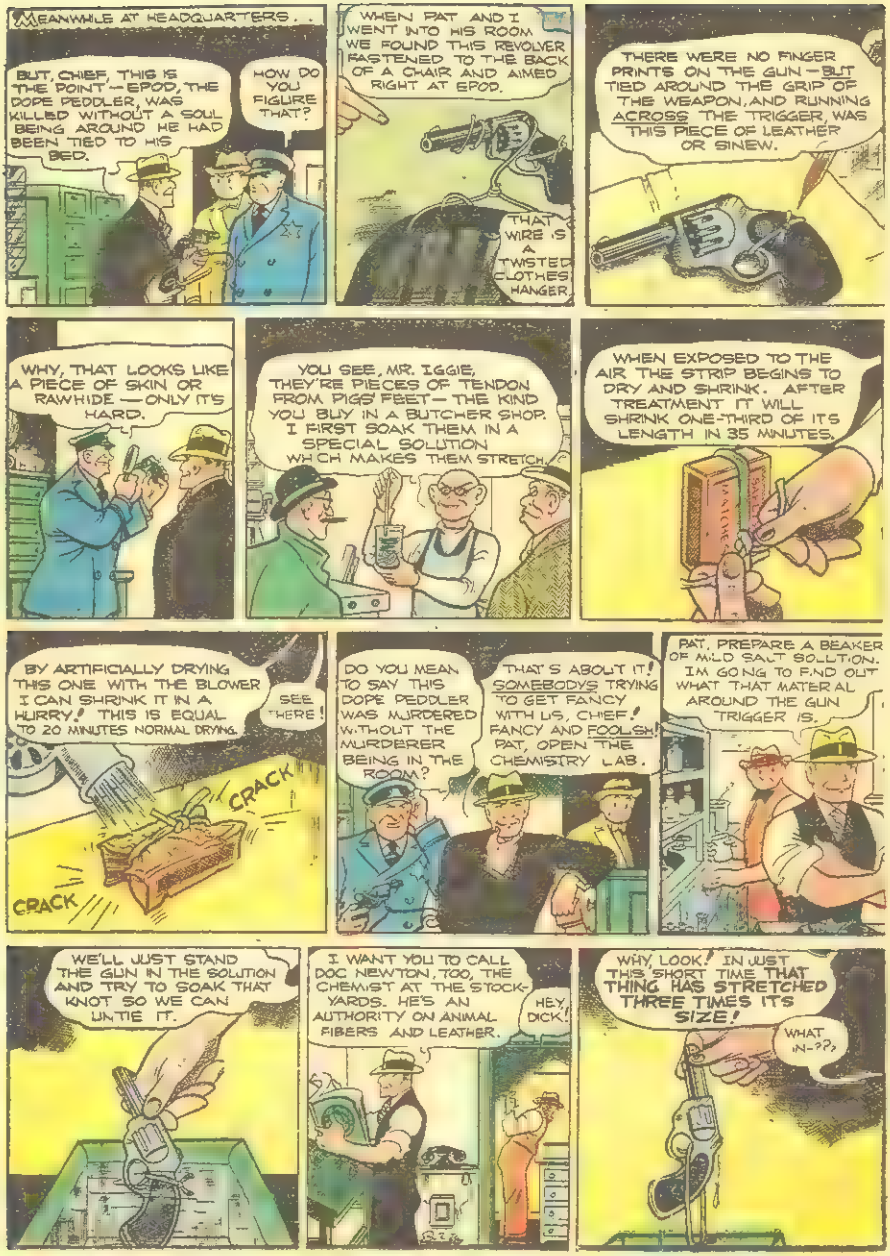

LISTEN, I'M AN INVENTOR AND A SCIENTIST! WHY SHOULD I TEAM UP WITH AN EX-JAIL BIRD?
THEM'S PRETTY HARSH WORDS, PROFESSOR. REMEMBER, THE PRODUCTS YOU MAKE ARE USED BY THE PEOPLE I KNOW.

THERE MAY BE SOMETHING IN WHAT YOU SAY, VILLER. WE MAY MAKE A TEAM.
CERTAINLY, WE'D MAKE A TEAM.
BUT MY WORK IS ALL SECRET. YOU'D HAVE TO PUT UP A THOUSAND DOLLARS BEFORE I'D ALLOW YOU TO WALK THROUGH MY LABORATORY.
THERES THE THOUSAND.
OKAY - THAT'S MORE LIKE IT. NOW WE CAN TALK BUSINESS.
WHAT'S THIS?
THAT, MR. VILLER, IS A LITTLE GADGET THAT WILL CUT THROUGH STEEL FASTER THAN YOU CAN DRAW A LINE WITH A PENCIL.
I'LL TAKE THESE SAMPLES ALONG AND SHOW THEM TO THE BOYS. ORDERS WILL BE ROLLING IN WITHIN A WEEK.
BE CAREFUL THOSE ARTICLES ARE ALL DANGEROUS.
YOU REALIZE WE HAVE BUT ONE ENEMY IN THIS BUSINESS — THE LAW.
I'M WAY AHEAD OF YOU, PROFESSOR! WELL, SO LONG.
ANY OF YOU FELLOWS BUMPED INTO VILLER SINCE I SAW HIM IN THE BARBER SHOP?
NOT HERE
ME NEITHER
THAT MUG'S WASHED UP, TRACY. THE DAY OF THE BIG HOODLUM IS OVER.
PAT, THERE'S ONE THING YOU SHOULD NEVER BECOME IN THIS BUSINESS — THAT'S SOFT IN THE HEAD! ONCE A HOOD, ALWAYS A HOOD.
YOU SEE, I PUT SOME MONEY AWAY IN MY STRONG BOX BACK IN '33 — BEFORE I WAS SENT UP. AFTER I GOT MY HANDS ON THAT, I WAS OKAY.
JUST WHAT... -ER... BUSINESS DO YOU FIGURE ON GOING INTO STOOGE?
I'M GOING TO BE A MANUFACTURER I PLAN TO MARKET A NUMBER OF SMALL INVENTIONS AND I'M LOOKING FOR A SALES AGENT.
INVENTIONS?
RIGHT! DO YOU SEE THIS LITTLE TOY?
THAT'S A LITTLE ACETYLENE TORCH OUTFIT. THE GAS IS HELD UNDER EXTREMELY HIGH PRESSURE


IT FITS INTO THE VEST POCKET AND IS EXCELLENT FOR SMALL CUTTING JOBS.
WELL, I'LL BE! YOU CUT RIGHT INTO THE COIN BOX.
HANDY FOR A STORE KEEPER TO HAVE AROUND IN CASE HE LOSES HIS KEY - OR SOMETHING. UNDERSTAND?
THEN HERE'S A LITTLE DEVICE THAT SHOOTS AN UNMARKED BULLET. NO RIFLING MARKS ON THE SLUG - JUST A SMOOTH PIECE OF LEAD.
GEE! STOOGE, LET ME BUY THAT TORCH FROM YOU!
MY DEAR MAN, THAT'S MERELY A FACTORY SAMPLE - NOT FOR SALE! BESIDES, I WANT TO SHOW YOU THE REST OF MY LINE SO YOU CAN TELL THE BOYS.
NOW I WANT TO TAKE YOU FOR A LITTLE RIDE DOWN THE CONCOURSE.
NIX, STOOGE! YOU'RE DOING SEVENTY-FIVE - AND THERE'S A CYCLE COP AFTER US.
OW! MY EYES! MY EYES!
TEN MINUTES LATER IN HIS GARAGE
YES, YOU SEE IT'S A LITTLE DEVICE THAT FITS ON THE MANIFOLD AND THROWS TEAR GAS THROUGH THE EXHAUST WHEN YOU PULL THE DASH BUTTON.
IDEAL FOR PEOPLE THAT THINK ROBBERS ARE CHASING 'EM, EH, STOOGE?
WELL, SO FAR WE HAVEN'T HEARD ANYTHING FROM VILLER I GUESS THE BIG HOUSE CURED HIM.
PAT THERE'S AN OLD SAYING - AS FAR AS CROOKS ARE CONCERNED - WHEN NOTHING'S HAPPENING ANYTHING CAN HAPPEN.
SAY! WHAT AILS CONNAHAN?
HUH?
TEAR GAS?
YEAH - I WAS TOURING THE BOULEVARD ON MY WHEEL WHEN I SAW A SPEEDER. I GAVE CHASE AND -
I HAD JUST ABOUT CAUGHT UP WITH THEM, WHEN THEY RELEASED TEAR GAS THROUGH THE EXHAUST OF THE CAR.
TEAR GAS? THROUGH THE EXHAUST ?
WELL, MISTER IGGIE, I'VE DEMONSTRATED HOW MY TEAR GAS ATTACHMENT CAN STOP A COP. WHAT DO YOU SAY?
I'D SAY THIS INVENTOR FRIEND OF YOURS CAN SELL EVERY ONE HE CAN TURN OUT. I'LL GUARANTEE THAT.


WELL, PROFESSOR, WE'VE MADE OUR FIRST SALE. I'VE GOT ORDERS FOR 5 OF THOSE VEST POCKET ACETYLENE TORCHES AND 2 TEAR GAS ATTACHMENTS.
GOOD!
SAY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING THERE? THOSE LOOK LIKE PIGS' FEET!
SO THEY ARE! JUST PLAIN BUTCHER SHOP PIGS' FEET
WHAT IN THE DICKENS DO YOU MAKE FROM THEM?
A LITTLE GADGET YOU'LL BE VERY INTERESTED IN, MR. VILLER IN FACT, ONLY THIS MORNING I SOLD ONE TO A MAN IN YOUR PROFESSION.
LISTEN! ARE YOU RUNNING A MEAT MARKET OR A LABORATORY? WHAT IS THIS?
SH! I'LL TURN ON THE SHORT WAVE FOR THE POLICE CALLS. ANY MINUTE NOW, YOU'LL BE HEARING THE RESULTS OF MY PIG'S FOOT PRODUCT
THE EIGHTH DISTRICT CALLING HEADQUARTERS. JIMMY EPOD, THE DOPE PEDDLER, WAS FOUND SHOT TO DEATH IN HIS APARTMENT ON WILSON AVENUE. CIRCUMSTANCES VERY PUZZLING. PLEASE ADVISE.
JUMPIN' MACKEREL! JIMMY EPOD!
HELLO, EIGHTH DISTRICT. DISPATCHING DETECTIVES TRACY AND PATTON TO EPOD'S IMMEDIATELY. ANY MORE DETAILS?
SCENE: EPOD'S APARTMENT
YES, SIR! THIS IS THE DARNEDEST MYSTERY I EVER SAW.
DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING TILL TRACY GETS HERE THOSE ARE ORDERS.
BUT WHAT'S SO MYSTERIOUS ABOUT A COMMON DOPE PEDDLER GETTING SLAIN, TRACY?
IT SEEMS IT'S THE METHOD BY WHICH HE WAS SLAIN PAT. THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT
WELL, WHAT ABOUT THIS FELLOW, EPOD, BOYS?
THERE HE IS, TRACY
HM! BOUND TO HIS BED—AND TIED VERY SECURELY, IF YOU ASK ME.
AND GAGGED TOO.
RIGHT! THAT MEANS HE LAY THERE ALIVE FOR SOME TIME BEFORE THE SHOT WAS FIRED OTHERWISE, IT WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN NECESSARY TO GAG HIM.
AND NOW THE GUN.
YEAH, THE GUN! AND HERE IS WHERE THE MYSTERY BEGINS

YEAH, THIS IS THE GUN THAT FIRED THE SHOT. IT'S AIMED DIRECTLY AT HIS HEART.
BUT WHO WOULD WIRE A GUN TO A CHAIR?
IN MY JUDGEMENT, IT'S EPOD'S OWN GUN. THERE'S HIS EMPTY SHOULDER HOLSTER ON THE DRESSER.
THAT WIRE IS AN OLD CLOTHES HANGER.
SURE ENOUGH! AND SAY, THERE'S SOMETHING TIED AROUND THE TRIGGER!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PAT, I SAW THAT RIGHT ALONG. AND, IF YOU NOTICE, IT ISN'T FABRIC OR STRING — AND IT ISN'T METAL
GOOD HEAVENS, D.I.C.K, IT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF — OF SKIN.
REMOVE EPOD TO THE MORGUE — AND WE'LL TAKE THIS CONTRAPTION WITH US TO HEADQUARTERS.
YES, SIR.
BY THE WAY, OFFICER WHAT WAS THE TEMPERATURE IN THIS ROOM WHEN YOU FIRST ENTERED?
BOTH RADIATORS WERE ON AND THE WINDOWS WERE ALL CLOSED IT WAS HOT AS THE DICKENS IN HERE.
I SEE
HM! THE AIR IN THE ROOM WAS VERY DRYING YEAH! HUH? WELL, PAT, OUR NEXT TASK IS TO FIND OUT WHAT THIS SUBSTANCE IS AROUND THIS TRIGGER
IGGIES MY SALES AGENT, PROFESSOR.
AND SO FAR, I'M DOING PRETTY GOOD I CAN USE ABOUT 2 DOZEN OF THOSE MIDGET ACETYLENE SETS AND 9 OR 10 OF THE TEAR GAS GADGETS THAT FASTEN ON CARS
INCIDENTALLY, IGGIE. ANOTHER ONE OF HIS INVENTIONS JUST FIGURED IN TODAY'S NEWS. LOOK AT THIS PAPER.
DAY PAPER
IM EPOD MYSTERIOUSLY SLAIN
UNDERWORLD CHARACTER S BY OWN G IN TRICK K
A GUN HE TWISTED HANGER OUT THE
YEAH — I KNOW THIS RAT, EPOD. BUT WHAT'S SO MYSTERIOUS ABOUT HIS GETTING WIPED OUT?
SHOW HIM, PROFESSOR.


MEANWHILE AT HEADQUARTERS . .
BUT, CHIEF, THIS IS THE POINT — EPOD, THE DOPE PEDDLER, WAS KILLED WITHOUT A SOUL BEING AROUND HE HAD BEEN TIED TO HIS BED.
HOW DO YOU FIGURE THAT?
WHEN PAT AND I WENT INTO HIS ROOM WE FOUND THIS REVOLVER FASTENED TO THE BACK OF A CHAIR AND AIMED RIGHT AT EPOD.
THAT WIRE IS A TWISTED CLOTHES HANGER.
THERE WERE NO FINGER PRINTS ON THE GUN — BUT TIED AROUND THE GRIP OF THE WEAPON, AND RUNNING ACROSS THE TRIGGER, WAS THIS PIECE OF LEATHER OR SINEW.
WHY, THAT LOOKS LIKE A PIECE OF SKIN OR RAWHIDE — ONLY IT'S HARD.
YOU SEE, MR. IGGIE, THEY'RE PIECES OF TENDON FROM PIGS' FEET — THE KIND YOU BUY IN A BUTCHER SHOP. I FIRST SOAK THEM IN A SPECIAL SOLUTION WHICH MAKES THEM STRETCH.
WHEN EXPOSED TO THE AIR THE STRIP BEGINS TO DRY AND SHRINK. AFTER TREATMENT IT WILL SHRINK ONE-THIRD OF ITS LENGTH IN 35 MINUTES.
BY ARTIFICIALLY DRYING THIS ONE WITH THE BLOWER I CAN SHRINK IT IN A HURRY! THIS IS EQUAL TO 20 MINUTES NORMAL DRYING.
SEE THERE!
CRACK
CRACK
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THIS DOPE PEDDLER WAS MURDERED WITHOUT THE MURDERER BEING IN THE ROOM?
THAT'S ABOUT IT! SOMEBODY'S TRYING TO GET FANCY WITH US, CHIEF! FANCY AND FOOLISH! PAT, OPEN THE CHEMISTRY LAB.
PAT, PREPARE A BEAKER OF MILD SALT SOLUTION. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT THAT MATERIAL AROUND THE GUN TRIGGER IS.
WE'LL JUST STAND THE GUN IN THE SOLUTION AND TRY TO SOAK THAT KNOT SO WE CAN UNTIE IT.
I WANT YOU TO CALL DOC NEWTON, TOO, THE CHEMIST AT THE STOCKYARDS. HE'S AN AUTHORITY ON ANIMAL FIBERS AND LEATHER.
HEY, DICK!
WHY, LOOK! IN JUST THIS SHORT TIME THAT THING HAS STRETCHED THREE TIMES ITS SIZE!
WHAT IN-??

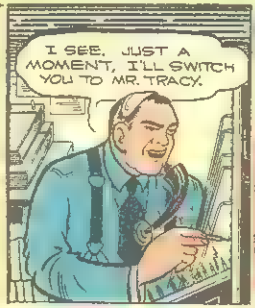
HELLO, DOC NEWTON? THIS IS TRACY. I'D LIKE TO COME DOWN TO YOUR LAB WITH A LITTLE PROBLEM. YES, RIGHT AWAY. OKAY? THANKS.
SNAP
HEY, TRACY, LOOK! THIS DARN CORD IS SHRINKING AND SHRIVELING UP AGAIN. IT SNAPPED THE TRIGGER!
IT'S DRYING OUT!
QUICK! I WANT TO UNTIE IT BEFORE IT TIGHTENS UP.
HOLY CARPETS! THAT SHOWS HOW EPOD WAS KILLED. THAT LITTLE BIT OF SINEW SHOT HIM!
COME ON, KID! WE'RE HEADING FOR DOC NEWTONS!
YES, DOC, I'D LIKE VERY MUCH TO HAVE YOUR OPINION ON WHAT THAT SUBSTANCE IS.
HM! WELL OFF HAND, I'D SAY IT WAS A TENDON FROM SOME SMALL ANIMAL.
POSSIBLY FROM THE LEG OF A DOG OR A LAMB OR EVEN A PIG.
IT WOULDN'T BE A CELLULOSE OR RUBBER COMPOSITION, WOULD IT?
DEFINITELY NOT! WHEN HELD IN A FLAME IT GIVES OFF THAT UNMISTAKABLE SIMPLE ODOR OF BURNING MEAT OR ANIMAL FAT.
I'LL COMPARE IT WITH DIFFERENT SINEWS FOUND IN MEAT CUTS IN OUR PACKING ROOMS YOU'LL KNOW WHAT IT IS BY TOMORROW MORNING.
THANK YOU, DOC
YES, DOC NEWTON. GOOD! WHAT? PIGS FEET? I SEE. YOU'RE SURE? WELL, THANKS A LOT DOC.
THAT SINEW CAME FROM A PIG'S FOOT—AND THE FOOT, JUDGING FROM THE SINEW'S LENGTH, CAME THROUGH THE MACHINES OF THE "RAPID PACKING CO."
BUT "RAPID PACKING" HAS OUTLETS ALL OVER THE CITY. YOU COULD NEVER TRACE THE PURCHASER.
PERHAPS WE COULDN'T TRACE HIM—BUT WE CAN LIE IN WAIT FOR HIM TO MAKE HIS NEXT PURCHASES.
IN THREE THOUSAND BUTCHER SHOPS?

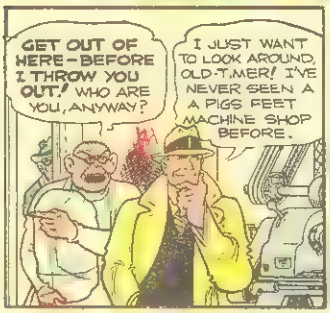
MORNING, RILEY WHAT'S NEW?
HERE'S A BULLETIN FROM HEADQUARTERS. WE GOT ORDERS TO PASS ONE OUT TO EVERY BUTCHER SHOP. BETTER TAKE A LOOK
ARE THE POLICE ON THE TRAIL OF SOME CONDEMNED MEAT?
NAW, IT'S SOMETHING ELSE - READ IT OVER.
OFFICE OF CHIEF OF POLICE
— BULLETIN —
It will be greatly appreciated by the department if butchers will notify headquarters of any unusual purchases of pigs' feet.
George Brandon Chief
WELL, ALL YOU'VE GOT TO DO NOW, TRACY, IS JUST SIT BY THE TELEPHONE AND WAIT FOR A CALL FROM ONE OF YOUR 3,000 BUTCHER BOY OPERATIVES, EH? YOU CAN LAUGH, CHIEF BUT THIS SCHEME IS GOING TO WORK.
BAH!
STOOGE, I'VE GOT TO HAVE A NEW BATCH OF TENDONS I WAS WONDERING IF YOU'D GO OUT AND GET ME ANOTHER 25 POUNDS OF PIGS' FEET?
LISTEN, PROF, YOU'D BETTER GET YOUR OWN PIGS' FEET. I'M HEAD OF THE SALES DEPARTMENT AROUND HERE. I'M NOT RUNNING ERRANDS
YOU WOULDN'T BE GOING HI-HAT ON THE OLD PROFESSOR, WOULD YOU, STOOGE?
TAKE IT EASY, PROF-- I-I DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOUR FEELINGS HERE - THIS IS YOUR CUT FROM THE LAST SALES.
I'M SICK OF DOING ALL THE WORK IN THIS ORGANIZATION, INCLUDING THE BUYING OF SUPPLIES. OH, WELL, AFTER I GET THIS 25 POUNDS OF PIGS' FEET I'LL BE SET FOR A WHILE.
AND HOW, PROFESSOR!
HM!
DID YOU SAY TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS??
YES, TWENTY-FIVE POUNDS OF PIGS' FEET - THAT'S WHAT I SAID.
MISTER, COULDN'T I INTEREST YOU IN SOME OF OUR OWN BRAND? SOME WE PICKLED OURSELVES!
NO! I DON'T WANT TO PICKLE THEM! I WANT THE FRESH PIGS FEET. DELIVER THEM TO THIS ADDRESS, TODAY!
HEY-Y CHARLIE! WHERE'S THAT MIMEOGRAPHED POLICE BULLETIN THE OFFICER LEFT HERE?
POLICE BULLETIN? HOLY SMOKES! I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT

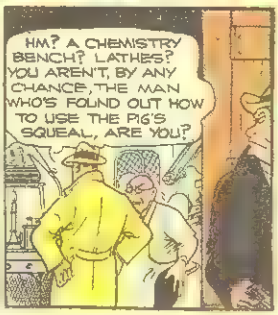
DICK TRACY

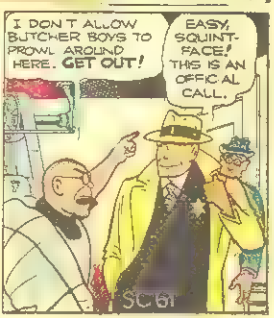
CHESTER GOULD

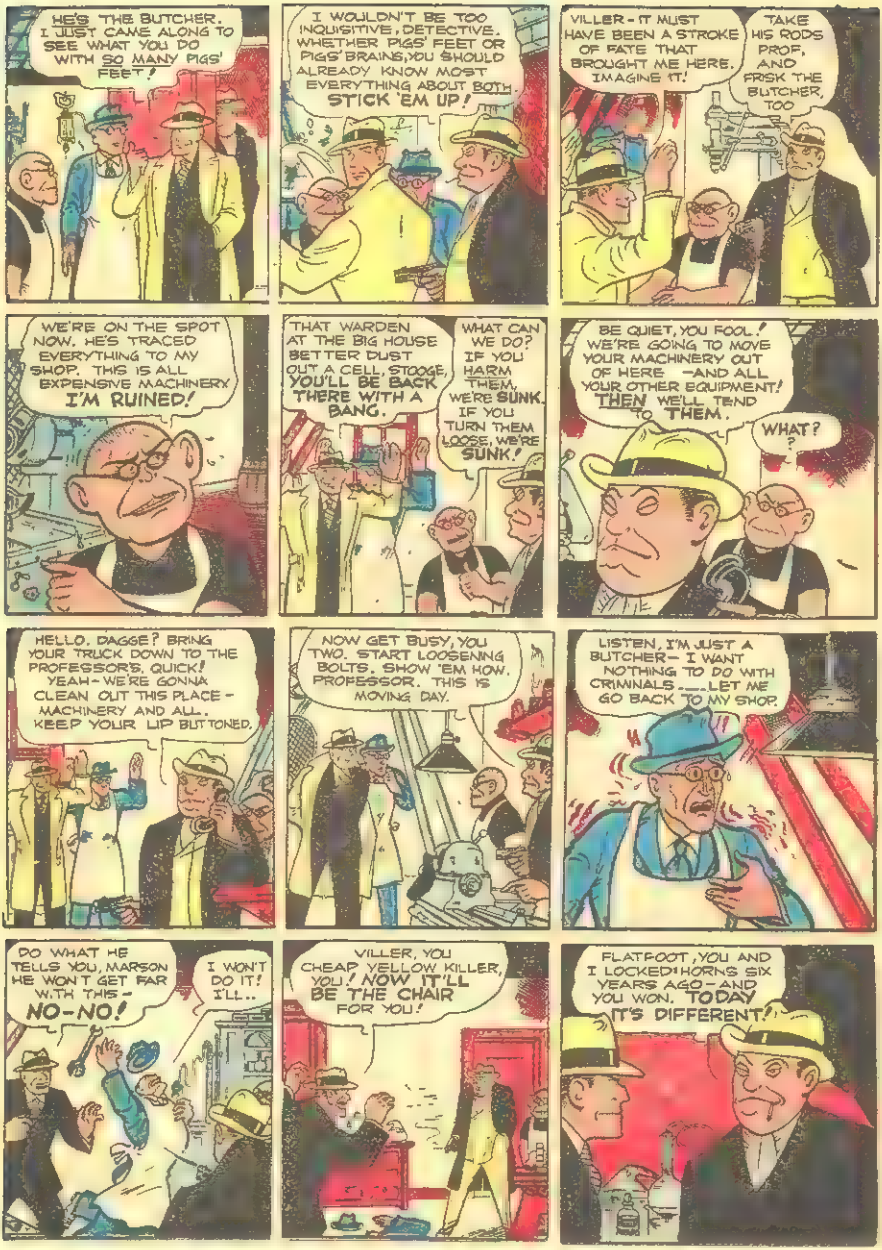
AFTER ANALYZING A PIECE OF SKIN FOUND AT THE SCENE OF A KILLING, TRACY SENDS OUT A CIRCULAR TO ALL BUTCHER SHOPS ASKING THEM TO NOTIFY HIM OF ANY UNUSUAL PURCHASES OF PIGS' FEET.

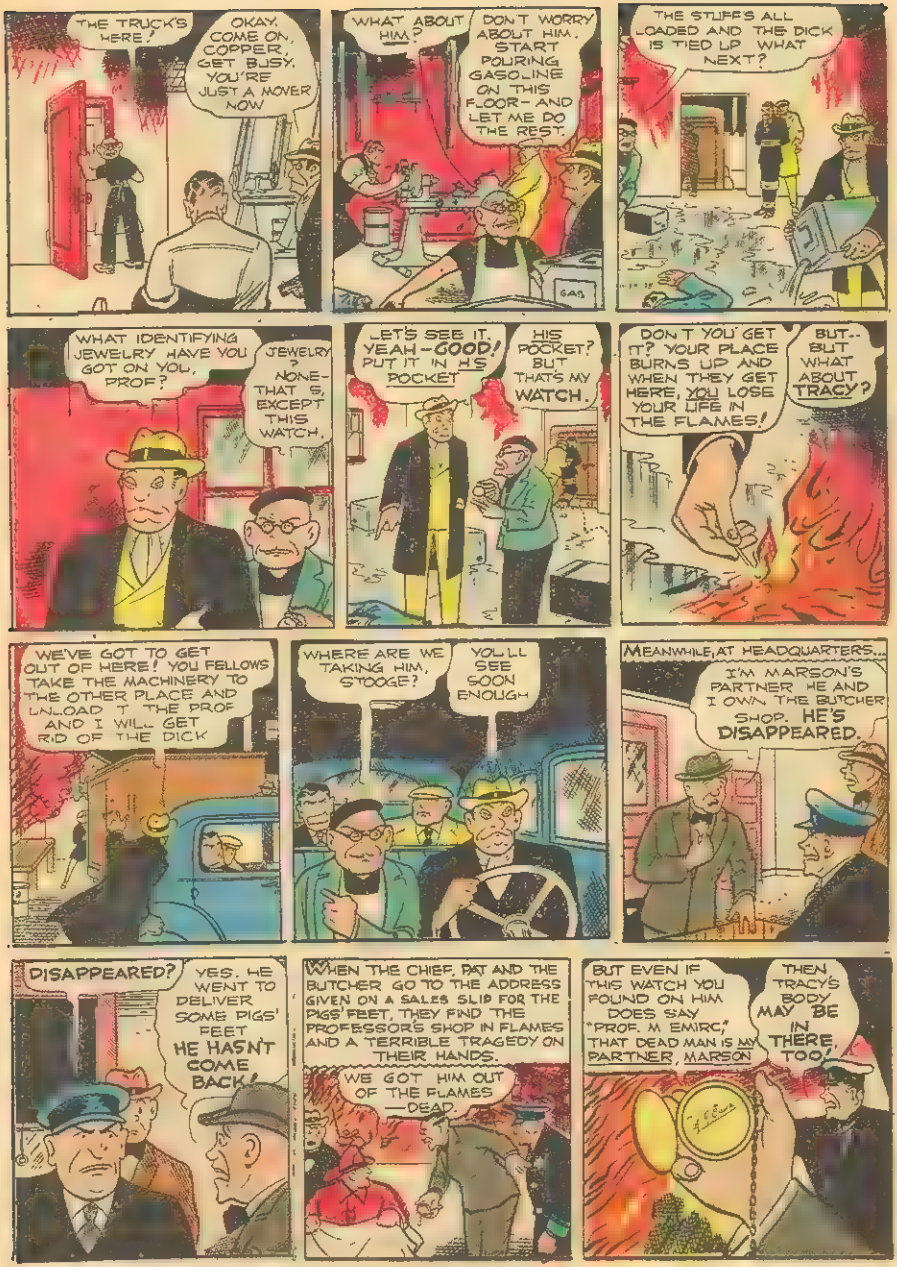



GET OUT OF HERE - BEFORE I THROW YOU OUT! WHO ARE YOU, ANYWAY?
I JUST WANT TO LOOK AROUND, OLD-TIMER! I'VE NEVER SEEN A PIGS FEET MACHINE SHOP BEFORE.





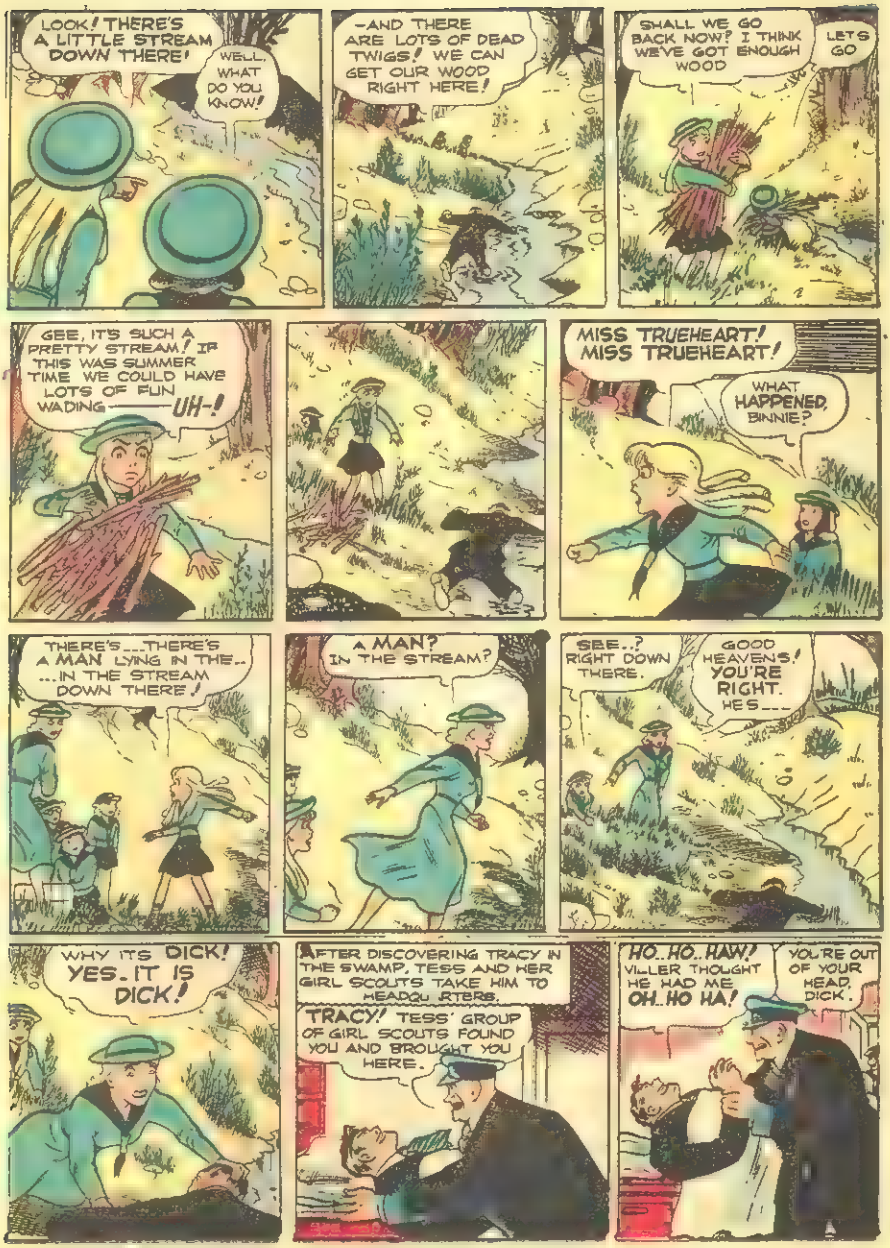

HE'S THE BUTCHER. I JUST CAME ALONG TO SEE WHAT YOU DO WITH SO MANY PIGS' FEET!
I WOULDN'T BE TOO INQUISITIVE, DETECTIVE. WHETHER PIGS' FEET OR PIGS' BRAINS, YOU SHOULD ALREADY KNOW MOST EVERYTHING ABOUT BOTH. STICK 'EM UP!
VILLER - IT MUST HAVE BEEN A STROKE OF FATE THAT BROUGHT ME HERE. IMAGINE IT!
TAKE HIS RODS PROF. AND FRISK THE BUTCHER, TOO
WE'RE ON THE SPOT NOW. HE'S TRACED EVERYTHING TO MY SHOP. THIS IS ALL EXPENSIVE MACHINERY I'M RUINED!
THAT WARDEN AT THE BIG HOUSE BETTER DUST OUT A CELL, STOOGE, YOU'LL BE BACK THERE WITH A BANG.
WHAT CAN WE DO? IF YOU HARM THEM, WE'RE SUNK. IF YOU TURN THEM LOOSE, WE'RE SUNK!
BE QUIET, YOU FOOL! WE'RE GOING TO MOVE YOUR MACHINERY OUT OF HERE - AND ALL YOUR OTHER EQUIPMENT! THEN WE'LL TEND TO THEM.
WHAT?
HELLO, DAGGE? BRING YOUR TRUCK DOWN TO THE PROFESSOR'S, QUICK! YEAH - WE'RE GONNA CLEAN OUT THIS PLACE - MACHINERY AND ALL. KEEP YOUR LIP BUTTONED.
NOW GET BUSY, YOU TWO. START LOOSENING BOLTS. SHOW 'EM HOW, PROFESSOR. THIS IS MOVING DAY.
LISTEN, I'M JUST A BUTCHER - I WANT NOTHING TO DO WITH CRIMINALS ... LET ME GO BACK TO MY SHOP.
DO WHAT HE TELLS YOU, MARSON HE WON'T GET FAR WITH THIS - NO-NO!
I WON'T DO IT! I'LL..
VILLER, YOU CHEAP YELLOW KILLER, YOU! NOW IT'LL BE THE CHAIR FOR YOU!
FLATFOOT, YOU AND I LOCKED HORNS SIX YEARS AGO - AND YOU WON. TODAY IT'S DIFFERENT!

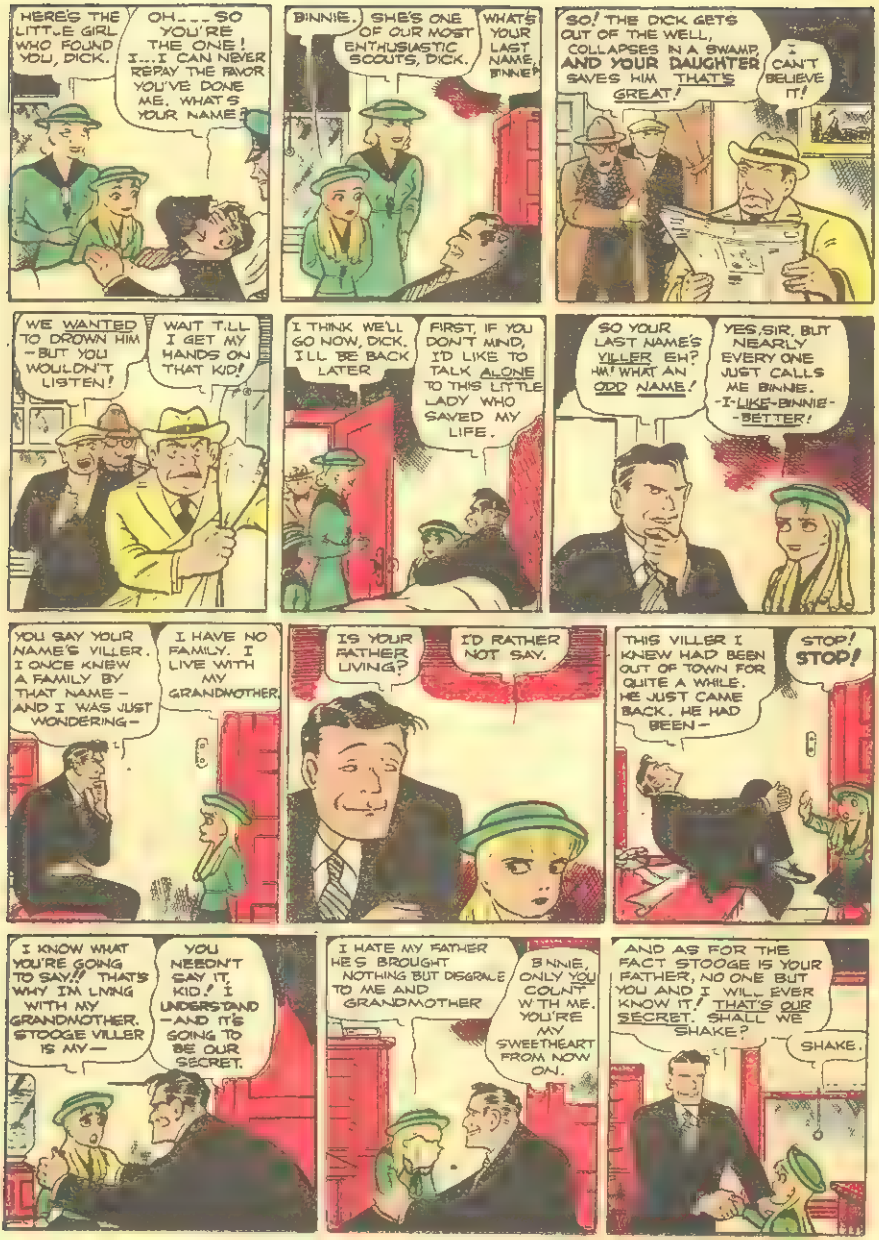

THE TRUCK'S HERE!
OKAY. COME ON, COPPER, GET BUSY. YOU'RE JUST A MOVER NOW
WHAT ABOUT HIM?
DON'T WORRY ABOUT HIM. START POURING GASOLINE ON THIS FLOOR - AND LET ME DO THE REST.
THE STUFF'S ALL LOADED AND THE DICK IS TIED UP WHAT NEXT?
WHAT IDENTIFYING JEWELRY HAVE YOU GOT ON YOU, PROF?
JEWELRY? NONE - THAT IS, EXCEPT THIS WATCH.
LET'S SEE IT. YEAH - GOOD! PUT IT IN HIS POCKET
HIS POCKET? BUT THAT'S MY WATCH.
DON'T YOU GET IT? YOUR PLACE BURNS UP AND WHEN THEY GET HERE, YOU LOSE YOUR LIFE IN THE FLAMES!
BUT.. BUT WHAT ABOUT TRACY?
WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! YOU FELLOWS TAKE THE MACHINERY TO THE OTHER PLACE AND UNLOAD IT THE PROF AND I WILL GET RID OF THE DICK
WHERE ARE WE TAKING HIM, S'TOOGE?
YOU'LL SEE SOON ENOUGH
MEANWHILE, AT HEADQUARTERS...
I'M MARSON'S PARTNER HE AND I OWN THE BUTCHER SHOP. HE'S DISAPPEARED.
DISAPPEARED?
YES. HE WENT TO DELIVER SOME PIGS' FEET HE HASN'T COME BACK!
WHEN THE CHIEF, PAT AND THE BUTCHER GO TO THE ADDRESS GIVEN ON A SALES SLIP FOR THE PIGS' FEET, THEY FIND THE PROFESSOR'S SHOP IN FLAMES AND A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY ON THEIR HANDS.
WE GOT HIM OUT OF THE FLAMES — DEAD.
BUT EVEN IF THIS WATCH YOU FOUND ON HIM DOES SAY "PROF. M EMIRC," THAT DEAD MAN IS MY PARTNER, MARSON
THEN TRACY'S BODY MAY BE IN THERE, TOO!

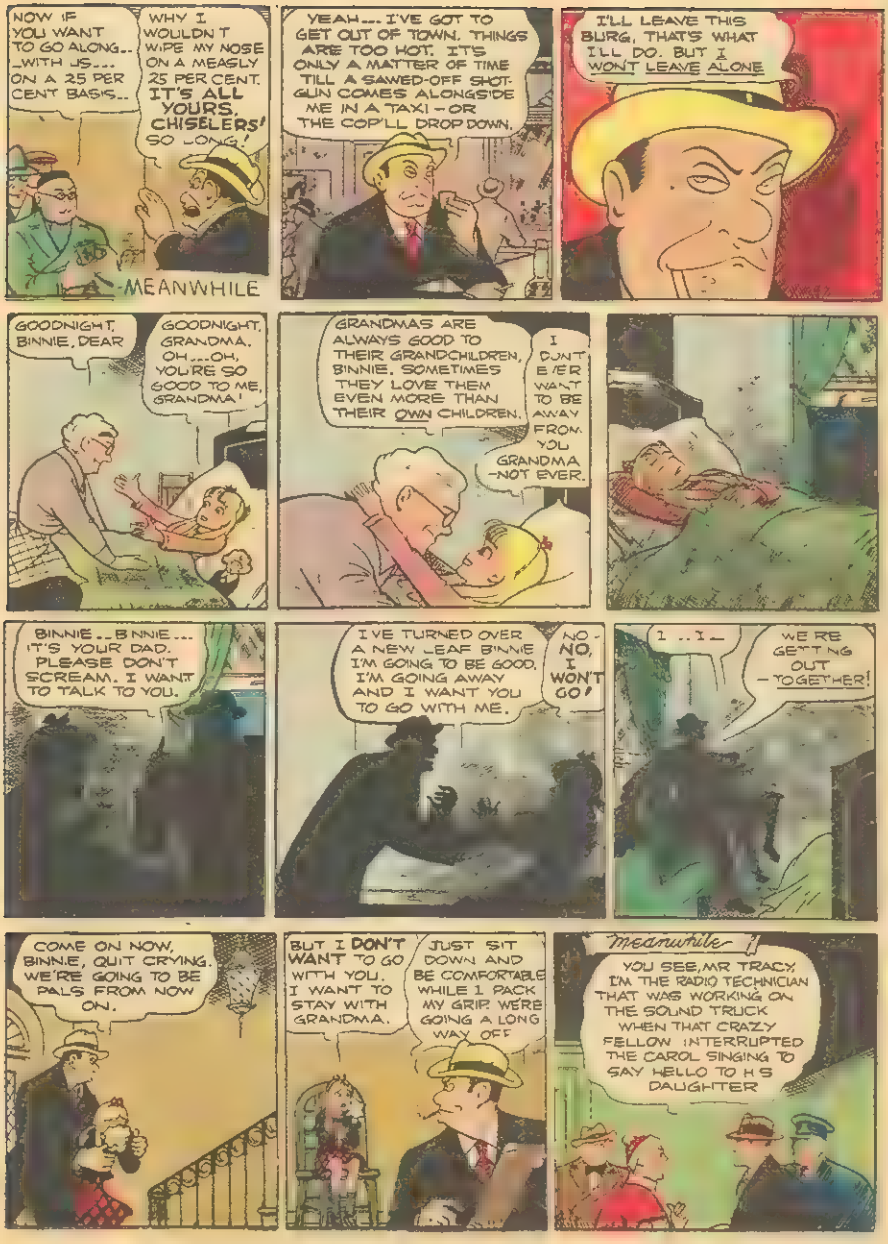
MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE OUT IN THE COUNTRY IN AN ABANDONED WELL...
IF I COULD ONLY BRACE MYSELF AGAINST THE SIDES, I COULD RUB THESE ROPES IN TWO AGAINST THE ROCKS - BUT THE WELL IS TOO WIDE.
BOSS, WHY DID YOU WAN'T TO JUST SUSPEND HIM IN THAT OLD WELL? WHY DIDN'T YOU-
I'M EVENING A SCORE. I WANT HIM TO HAVE A CHANCE TO THINK THINGS OVER. AFTER HE HANGS A FEW DAYS, WE'LL COME BACK AND CUT THE ROPE
WELL, PROFESSOR, HOW DO YOU LIKE THE LOCATION OF YOUR SHOP?
OH, IT'S ALL RIGHT
IF ONLY I COULD RUB THIS ADHESIVE TAPE OFF MY MOUTH, I MIGHT BE ABLE TO CALL SOME ONE.
BUT IT'S NO USE! GEE! HOW LOUD THE TICK OF MY WRIST WATCH SOUNDS DOWN IN THIS WELL! HM? A LITTLE WATCH, TOO!
TICK TICK TICK
YES-A LITTLE WATCH.. JUST A SIMPLE LITTLE WRIST WATCH.
I SEE THE POLICE ARE HAVING QUITE AN ARGUMENT AMONG THEMSELVES, TRYING TO DECIDE WHETHER THE MAN THEY TOOK OUT OF THE BURNING BUILDING IS YOU OR THE BUTCHER.
I DON'T LIKE THAT, STOOGE, THAT KILLING WAS UNCALLED FOR
YEAH - IT'S SURPRISING HOW LOUD THE TICKS OF THAT LITTLE WRIST WATCH SOUND - DOWN IN THIS WELL.
TICK TICK TICK TICK
THE WATCH IS UNDER THOSE ROPES ON MY WRIST AND IT'S CUTTING INTO THE SKIN! I THINK I'LL TAKE IT OFF!
THE WAY THINGS LOOK, I'LL NEVER NEED A WATCH ANYMORE - AT LEAST, NOT WHILE I'M IN HERE.
-OR WILL I? THIS WATCH OPENS UP! IT HAS WORKS IN IT... ...IT HAS LITTLE SHARP COG WHEELS -AND METAL PIECES -YES, PLENTY SHARP ENOUGH TO-
MAYBE YOU'VE GOT SOMETHING THERE, DICK! MAYBE?
FINALLY SUCCEEDING IN REMOVING HIS WRIST WATCH, TRACY PRIES OPEN THE BACK
WITH ONE QUICK TWIST, HE WRENCHES THE WORKS FROM THE CASE.

EXAMINING CAREFULLY FOR THE SHARPEST POSSIBLE CUTTING EDGE, HE FINALLY DROPS THE CASE INTO THE WATER.
GRASPING THE WORKS IN HIS RIGHT HAND, HE SAWS AT THE ROPES ON HIS WRISTS. SCRATCH! SCRATCH! SCRATCH! MAYBE IT WILL TAKE HOURS - MAYBE DAYS. BUT THERE'S A SMILE ON THE DETECTIVE'S LIPS.
YOU BOYS NEVER KNEW I HAD A DAUGHTER, EH?
NAW. IT'S NEWS TO US, STOOGE.
HER MOTHER'S DEAD, AND SHE LIVES WITH HER GRANDMOTHER THE KID DOESN'T LIKE ME. BUT I WANT TO SEE HER, AND I WANT YOU BOYS TO BRING HER HERE.
BUT, BOSS, WON'T THAT BE KI—
I'M HER FATHER! I WANT TO VISIT WITH HER A FEW MINUTES. SHE GETS OUT OF SCHOOL AT FOUR O'CLOCK HERES THE ADDRESS.
Meanwhile
SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH
YEAH, THAT'S HER I'LL PULL UP!
QUIET KID! WE'RE JUST TAKING YOU TO SEE YOUR FATHER
BUT I DON'T WANT TO SEE MY FATHER HE HASN'T BEEN TO VISIT GRANDMOTHER AND, ME SINCE HE WAS - RELEASED THAT SHOWS HE'S STILL A CRIMINAL HE'S AFRAID OF THE POLICE
EASY NOW
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BRING YOUR DAUGHTER HERE FOR? YOU'RE INVITING TROUBLE PLENTY OF IT WE'RE HIDING OUT!
QUIET!
OUT OF THE WELL AT LAST! USING THE WORKS OF HIS WATCH TO CUT THE ROPES ON HIS WRIST TRACY PULLS HIMSELF UP HAN. OVER HAND
I MUST BE WEAK.... MIGHTY WEAK. EVERYTHING WENT BLACK..
GOT TO GET TO TOWN THOUGH, AND FIND VILLER... AND PUT 'IM UNDER ARREST. HA! HA! HE THOUGHT HE'D FINISHED ME...

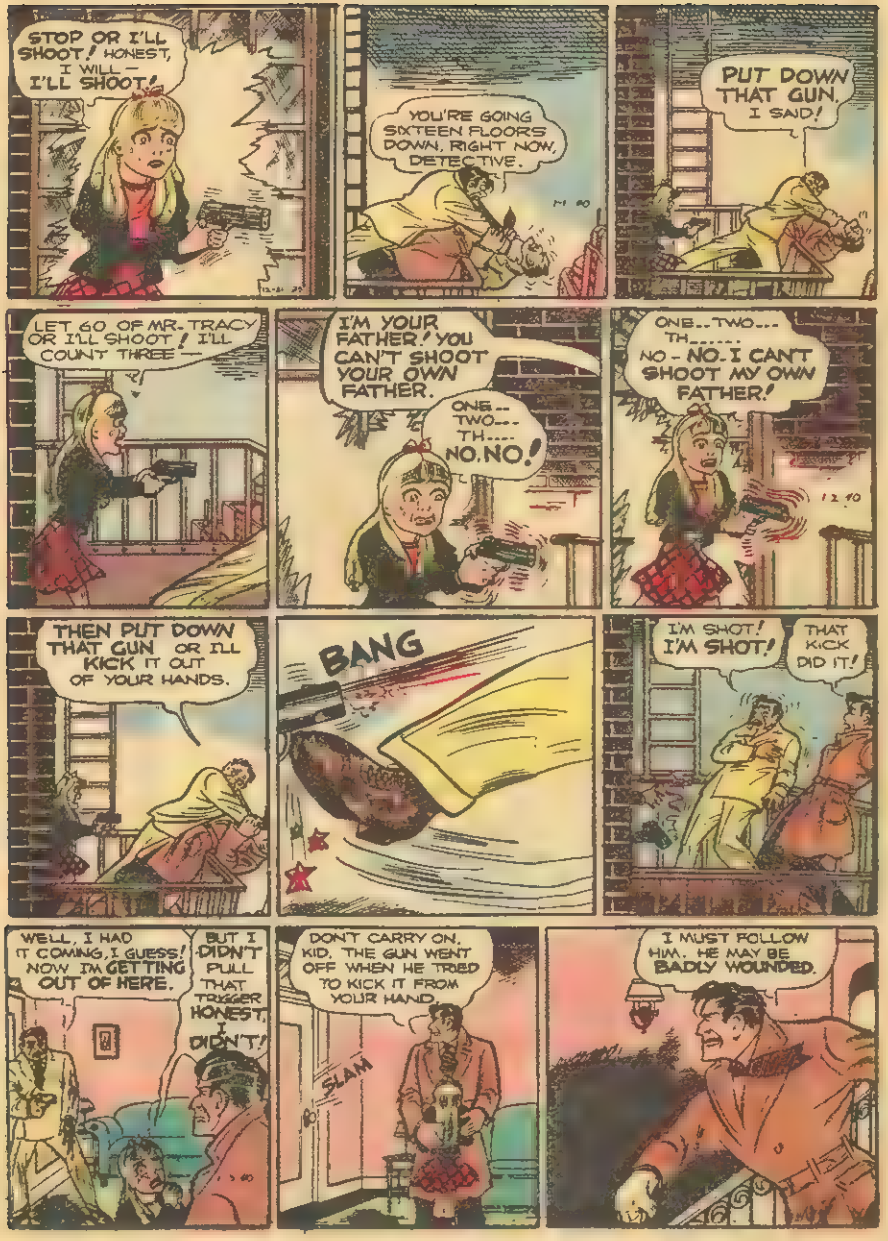
MEANWHILE
BUT I JUST WANTED TO SEE YOU AND SAY HELLO, HONEY HERE, TAKE THIS
NO! KEEP YOUR MONEY! GRANDMOTHER AND I DON'T NEED THE KIND OF MONEY YOU HAVE. WE'LL GET ALONG
OKAY TAKE HER HOME BURNY. GOODBYE, HONEY
THEY BROUGHT ME ABOUT SEVEN MILES OUT.... BUT I KNOW A SHORT CUT BACK ..... ACROSS THE .. VALLEY
MY KNEES ACHE.... GUESS THAT'S WHY I..... KEEP STUMBLING. .....
....GETTING DARK, TOO.... CAN'T QUITE MAKE THINGS OUT... GUESS I'D..... BETTER....
STUMBLING AT THE BRINK OF A MARSHLAND STREAM, THE DETECTIVE FALLS FORWARD WITH A SPLASH AND REMAINS MOTIONLESS.
WEAK AND EXHAUSTED, THE DETECTIVE SLEEPS ON AT THE SPOT WHERE HE FELL
AND ON A HILLTOP NOT MORE THAN A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY----
THIS LOOKS LIKE A GRAND SPOT FOR THE PICNIC. WE'LL STAY HERE.
GEE MISS TRUEHEART, SINCE YOU'VE BECOME OUR NEW SCOUT LEADER WE'VE HAD LOTS OF FUN
WE SURE HAVE MISS TRUEHEART
THAT'S FINE. NOW WHILE SOME OF US ARE GETTING THE PICNIC THINGS READY, WHO WILL GO FOR SOME FIREWOOD?
WE'LL GET THE WOOD FOR THE FIRE, MISS TRUEHEART.
FINE. GO AHEAD GIRLS.
GEE, THE WEEDS ARE PRETTY HIGH. WE MUSTN'T GET LOST.
LET'S RUN DOWN THE HILL. SHALL WE?


LOOK! THERE'S A LITTLE STREAM DOWN THERE!
WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW!
-AND THERE ARE LOTS OF DEAD TWIGS! WE CAN GET OUR WOOD RIGHT HERE!
SHALL WE GO BACK NOW? I THINK WE'VE GOT ENOUGH WOOD
LET'S GO
GEE, IT'S SUCH A PRETTY STREAM! IF THIS WAS SUMMER TIME WE COULD HAVE LOTS OF FUN WADING ——— UH-!
MISS TRUEHEART! MISS TRUEHEART!
WHAT HAPPENED, BINNIE?
THERE'S...THERE'S A MAN LYING IN THE.. ...IN THE STREAM DOWN THERE!
A MAN? IN THE STREAM?
SEE..? RIGHT DOWN THERE.
GOOD HEAVENS! YOU'RE RIGHT. HE'S ---
WHY IT'S DICK! YES. IT IS DICK!
AFTER DISCOVERING TRACY IN THE SWAMP, TESS AND HER GIRL SCOUTS TAKE HIM TO HEADQUARTERS.
TRACY! TESS' GROUP OF GIRL SCOUTS FOUND YOU AND BROUGHT YOU HERE.
HO..HO..HAW! VILLER THOUGHT HE HAD ME. OH..HO HA!
YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR HEAD, DICK.


HERE'S THE LITT-E GIRL WHO FOUND YOU, DICK.
OH.... SO YOU'RE THE ONE! I...I CAN NEVER REPAY THE FAVOR YOU'VE DONE ME. WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
BINNIE.
SHE'S ONE OF OUR MOST ENTHUSIASTIC SCOUTS, DICK.
WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME, BINNIE?
SO! THE DICK GETS OUT OF THE WELL, COLLAPSES IN A SWAMP AND YOUR DAUGHTER SAVES HIM. THAT'S GREAT!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!
WE WANTED TO DROWN HIM - BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!
WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS ON THAT KID!
I THINK WE'LL GO NOW, DICK. I'LL BE BACK LATER
FIRST, IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'D LIKE TO TALK ALONE TO THIS LITTLE LADY WHO SAVED MY LIFE.
SO YOUR LAST NAME'S VILLER EH? HM! WHAT AN ODD NAME!
YES, SIR, BUT NEARLY EVERY ONE JUST CALLS ME BINNIE. -I-LIKE-BINNIE--BETTER!
YOU SAY YOUR NAME'S VILLER. I ONCE KNEW A FAMILY BY THAT NAME - AND I WAS JUST WONDERING -
I HAVE NO FAMILY. I LIVE WITH MY GRANDMOTHER.
IS YOUR FATHER LIVING?
I'D RATHER NOT SAY.
THIS VILLER I KNEW HAD BEEN OUT OF TOWN FOR QUITE A WHILE. HE JUST CAME BACK. HE HAD BEEN -
STOP! STOP!
I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY!! THAT'S WHY I'M LIVING WITH MY GRANDMOTHER. STOOGE VILLER IS MY -
YOU NEEDN'T SAY IT, KID! I UNDERSTAND - AND IT'S GOING TO BE OUR SECRET.
I HATE MY FATHER HE'S BROUGHT NOTHING BUT DISGRACE TO ME AND GRANDMOTHER
BINNIE, ONLY YOU COUNT WITH ME. YOU'RE MY SWEETHEART FROM NOW ON.
AND AS FOR THE FACT STOOGE IS YOUR FATHER, NO ONE BUT YOU AND I WILL EVER KNOW IT! THAT'S OUR SECRET. SHALL WE SHAKE?
SHAKE.


NOW IF YOU WANT TO GO ALONG.. _WITH US.... ON A 25 PER CENT BASIS..
WHY I WOULDN'T WIPE MY NOSE ON A MEASLY 25 PER CENT. IT'S ALL YOURS, CHISELERS! SO LONG!
-MEANWHILE
YEAH.... I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF TOWN. THINGS ARE TOO HOT. IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME TILL A SAWED-OFF SHOT-GUN COMES ALONGSIDE ME IN A TAXI - OR THE COP'LL DROP DOWN.
I'LL LEAVE THIS BURG, THAT'S WHAT I'LL DO. BUT I WON'T LEAVE ALONE
GOODNIGHT, BINNIE, DEAR
GOODNIGHT, GRANDMA. OH...OH, YOU'RE SO GOOD TO ME, GRANDMA!
GRANDMAS ARE ALWAYS GOOD TO THEIR GRANDCHILDREN, BINNIE. SOMETIMES THEY LOVE THEM EVEN MORE THAN THEIR OWN CHILDREN.
I DON'T EVER WANT TO BE AWAY FROM YOU GRANDMA -NOT EVER.
BINNIE..BNNIE... IT'S YOUR DAD. PLEASE DON'T SCREAM. I WANT TO TALK TO YOU.
I'VE TURNED OVER A NEW LEAF BINNIE I'M GOING TO BE GOOD. I'M GOING AWAY AND I WANT YOU TO GO WITH ME.
NO - NO, I WON'T GO!
I .. I _
WE'RE GETTING OUT - TOGETHER!
COME ON NOW, BINNIE, QUIT CRYING. WE'RE GOING TO BE PALS FROM NOW ON.
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO WITH YOU. I WANT TO STAY WITH GRANDMA.
JUST SIT DOWN AND BE COMFORTABLE WHILE I PACK MY GRIP. WE'RE GOING A LONG WAY OFF
meanwhile
YOU SEE, MR TRACY, I'M THE RADIO TECHNICIAN THAT WAS WORKING ON THE SOUND TRUCK WHEN THAT CRAZY FELLOW INTERRUPTED THE CAROL SINGING TO SAY HELLO TO HIS DAUGHTER

YES? GO ON
YOU SEE – HE DROPPED THIS BILL FOLD.
HE MUST HAVE DROPPED IT IN THE SCUFFLE AROUND THE MICROPHONE.
THIS IS GREAT! THAT MAN IS THE NOTORIOUS STOOGE VILLER. YES, SIR, AND HERE IS HIS ADDRESS – 207 VINE STREET.
YOU'VE DONE A REAL SERVICE, AND I'LL –
MR. TRACY. I'M BINNIE'S GRANDMOTHER.
I DIDN'T WANT TO BOTHER YOU, BUT I'M DESPERATE. STOOGE CAME TO THE HOUSE AND TOOK BINNIE AWAY. HE SAID I'D NEVER SEE HER AGAIN
LATER, IN STOOGES APARTMENT...
BUT I DON'T WANT TO GO WITH YOU – I DON'T WANT TO BE WITH YOU.
BUT WE'RE GOING TO GET OUT OF TOWN! THE GANG'S BUSTED UP. I'M TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF, HONEY.
I WON'T GO WITH YOU – I WON'T.
COME BACK HERE.
– KEEP QUIET NOW – QUIET!
DON'T BOTHER REACHING FOR YOUR ROD, DETECTIVE! KEEP THOSE PAWS UP.
SOCK!
STOP IT! STOP IT! WHETHER YOU'RE MY FATHER OR NOT, I WON'T LET YOU! I'LL SHOOT FIRST.
PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

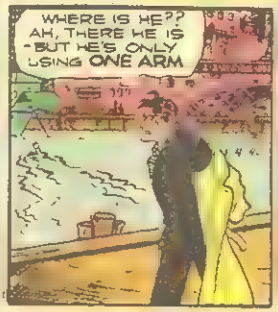

STOP OR I'LL SHOOT! HONEST, I WILL — I'LL SHOOT!
YOU'RE GOING SIXTEEN FLOORS DOWN, RIGHT NOW, DETECTIVE.
PUT DOWN THAT GUN, I SAID!
LET GO OF MR. TRACY OR I'LL SHOOT! I'LL COUNT THREE —
I'M YOUR FATHER! YOU CAN'T SHOOT YOUR OWN FATHER.
ONE-- TWO--- TH---- NO, NO!
ONE--TWO--- TH..... NO - NO. I CAN'T SHOOT MY OWN FATHER!
THEN PUT DOWN THAT GUN OR I'LL KICK IT OUT OF YOUR HANDS.
BANG
I'M SHOT! I'M SHOT!
THAT KICK DID IT!
WELL, I HAD IT COMING, I GUESS! NOW I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE.
BUT I DIDN'T PULL THAT TRIGGER HONEST, I DIDN'T!
DON'T CARRY ON, KID. THE GUN WENT OFF WHEN HE TRIED TO KICK IT FROM YOUR HAND.
SLAM
I MUST FOLLOW HIM. HE MAY BE BADLY WOUNDED.

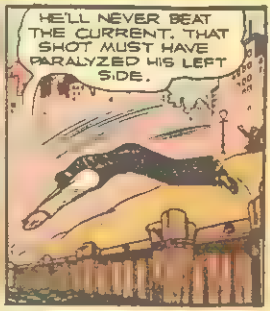
DICK TRACY

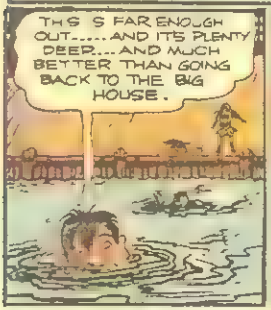
BY CHESTER GOULD

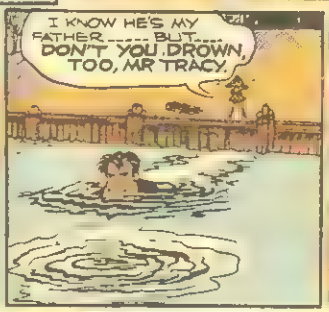
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copr. 1940, by The Chicago Tribune

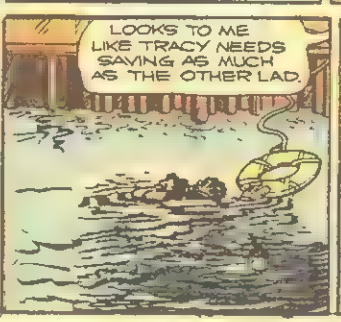
ATTEMPTING TO KIDNAP HIS DAUGHTER, BINNIE, STOOGE VILLER IS INTERRUPTED BY H.S ENEMY, TRACY. IN THE ENSUING BATTLE, TRACY IS NEARLY OVERCOME, BUT STOOGE IS WOUNDED WHEN HE KICKS A GUN HELD BY BINNIE. TURNING THE GUN ON TRACY, STOOGE ESCAPES

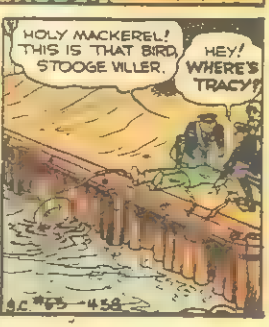


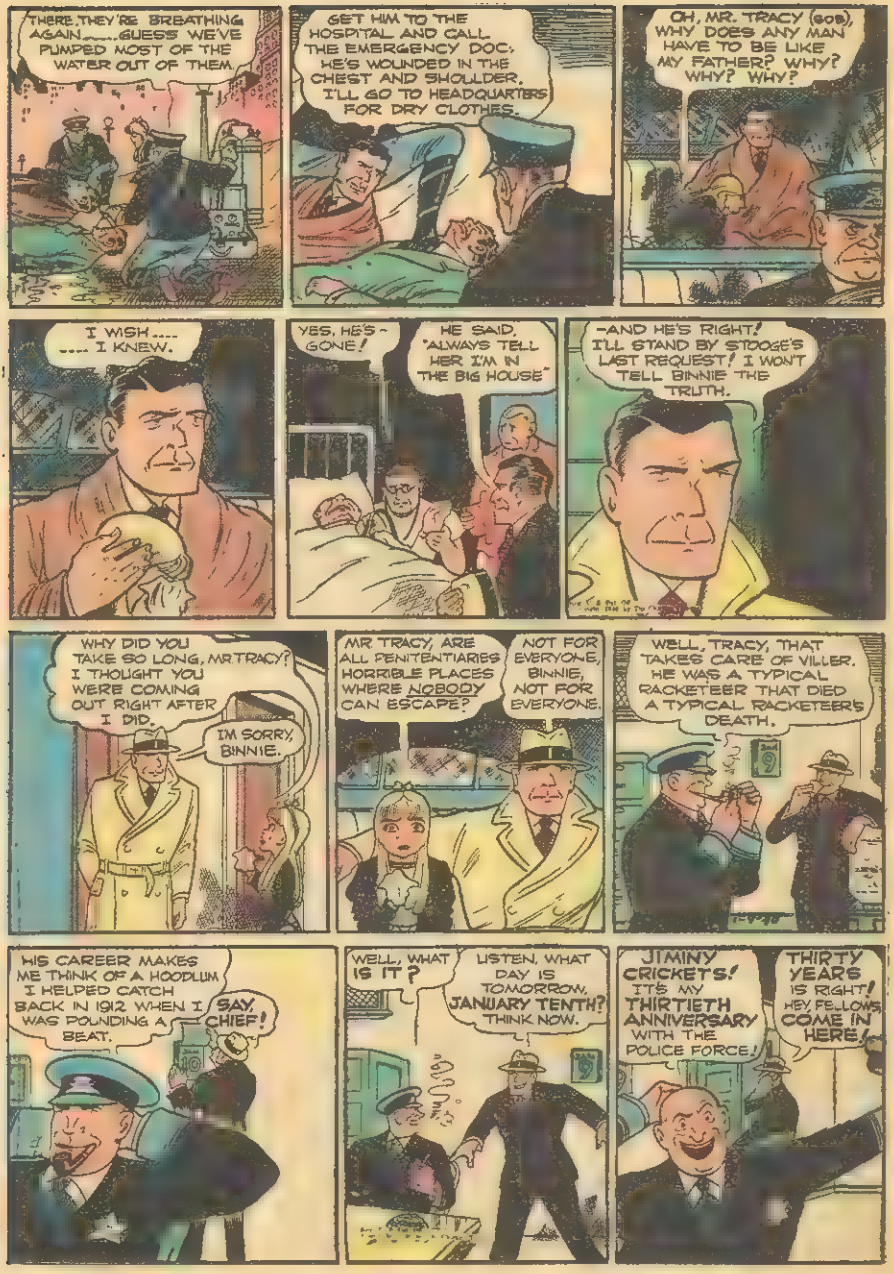








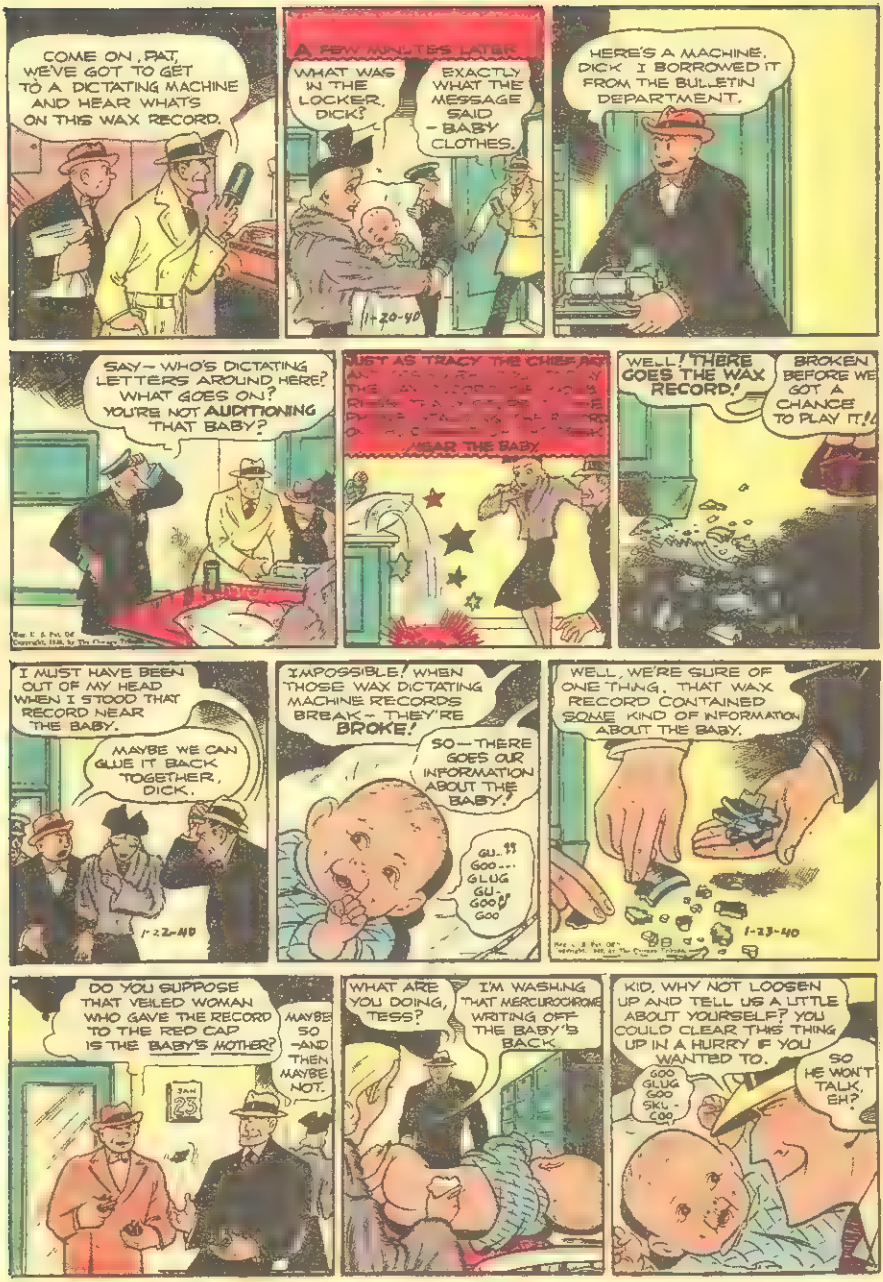



THERE THEY'RE BREATHING AGAIN.....GUESS WE'VE PUMPED MOST OF THE WATER OUT OF THEM.
GET HIM TO THE HOSPITAL AND CALL THE EMERGENCY DOC. HE'S WOUNDED IN THE CHEST AND SHOULDER. I'LL GO TO HEADQUARTERS FOR DRY CLOTHES.
OH, MR. TRACY (SOB), WHY DOES ANY MAN HAVE TO BE LIKE MY FATHER? WHY? WHY? WHY?
I WISH.... .... I KNEW.
YES, HE'S - GONE!
HE SAID, "ALWAYS TELL HER I'M IN THE BIG HOUSE"
-AND HE'S RIGHT! I'LL STAND BY STOOGE'S LAST REQUEST! I WON'T TELL BINNIE THE TRUTH.
WHY DID YOU TAKE SO LONG, MR TRACY? I THOUGHT YOU WERE COMING OUT RIGHT AFTER I DID.
I'M SORRY, BINNIE.
MR TRACY, ARE ALL PENITENTIARIES HORRIBLE PLACES WHERE NOBODY CAN ESCAPE?
NOT FOR EVERYONE, BINNIE, NOT FOR EVERYONE.
WELL, TRACY, THAT TAKES CARE OF VILLER. HE WAS A TYPICAL RACKETEER THAT DIED A TYPICAL RACKETEER'S DEATH.
HIS CAREER MAKES ME THINK OF A HOODLUM I HELPED CATCH BACK IN 1912 WHEN I WAS POUNDING A BEAT.
SAY, CHIEF!
WELL, WHAT IS IT?
LISTEN, WHAT DAY IS TOMORROW, JANUARY TENTH? THINK NOW.
JIMINY CRICKETS! IT'S MY THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY WITH THE POLICE FORCE!
THIRTY YEARS IS RIGHT! HEY, FELLOWS COME IN HERE!

SCENE: LUGGAGE SECTION OF THE CITY'S BIGGEST DEPARTMENT STORE.
SOMETHING I CAN DO FOR YOU, MR. TRACY?
I WANT TO BUY A MAN'S TRAVELING BAG...A VERY FINE ONE.
FOR YOURSELF?
NO. YOU SEE, IT'S CHIEF BRANDON'S THIRTIETH ANNIVERSARY WITH THE FORCE, AND THE BOYS WANT TO PRESENT HIM WITH A BAG.
NOW HERE'S A NICE COWHIDE JOB ..SOFT LEATHER... ...LIGHT..
WA-WA-A-A-A
SOUNDS LIKE YOU HAVE A NURSERY IN HERE.
NAH! SOME OF THOSE YOUNG MOTHERS THAT WALK THROUGH THE STORE DON'T KNOW THEIR STUFF. KIDS ARE ALWAYS SQUAWKING
WA-A-A
DO YOU LIKE THIS BAG?
WA-WA-WA
THAT WOMAN MUST BE JABBING HER CHILD WITH A HAT PIN. I'D BETTER LOOK.
WAH-WA
WHY, THERE'S NOBODY IN THIS AISLE! HOWEVER—???
BA-WA-WA
GOOD HEAVENS! IT SEEMS TO BE COMING OUT OF THAT WARDROBE CASE.
IT IS!
WA-WA
THE VOICE IS COMING FROM THIS CASE.
IT JUST SLIDES OPEN.
WELL?
A BABY! IN ONE OF OUR CASES!
IT'S MOTHER MUST BE AROUND HERE, SOMEWHERE.
BUT—? ..ER HOW? ..WHY?
HM! LOOK AT THE LITTLE TRICK!

BUT, MR. TRACY, THERE'S NO MOTHER STANDING AROUND HERE.
SO. I SEE.
BESIDES, NO REAL MOTHER WOULD PUT HER BABY IN A LUGGAGE CASE AND LEAVE IT, EVEN FOR A MINUTE.
I AGREE WITH YOU.
THAT BABY'S BEEN ABANDONED, THAT'S WHAT ---AND-- IT'S UP TO THE POLICE TO TAKE CARE OF IT.
YOU'RE RIGHT IT'S UP TO THE POLICE TO TAKE CARE OF IT. COME ON, KID, LET'S GO!
ON EXAMINING THE NEW FOUND BABY PAT & I DISCOVER A MESSAGE WRITTEN IN MERCUROCHROME ON THE INFANTS BACK.
CLOTHES ARE IN LOCKER 20, CENTRAL R R STATION
TAKE GOOD CARE OF HIM WHILE PAT AND I GO TO THE STATION AND INVESTIGATE LOCKER 20.
TWENTY MINUTES LATER
LOCKER 20? LOCKER 20?
HERE IT IS, DICK.
BUT WE CAN'T GET INTO IT WITHOUT A KEY.
WE'LL HAVE TO GET THE ATTENDANT TO OPEN T FOR US
I WANT TO LOOK INTO LOCKER 20, HAVE YOU GOT A SKELETON KEY?
OH YES SIR, MR. TRACY.
EXPECT TO FIND SOME COUNTERFEIT MONEY?
CAN'T TELL MASON. MAYBE IT'LL BE A GALLON OF NITROGLYCERINE ...OR A TIME BOMB--OR A--
IT'S HIM, THANK HEAVEN! IT'S HIM!
STOP! YOU'VE GOT ME SHAKING SO I CAN'T GET THE KEY IN THE LOCK. WHY--WHY THIS LOCK'S BEEN JAMMED!
HERE LET ME HAVE THAT KEY.

YOU'RE RIGHT, MASON. THE LOCK'S BEEN JIMMIED. WE'LL HAVE TO FORCE IT.
I'LL GET A CHISEL AND HAMMER
HIT 'ER AGAIN DICK.
I'LL GET A BIGGER HAMMER -OR MAYBE A TORCH. EH?
AH!
WHAT'S IN THERE?
SIX DIAPERS AND A BABY'S RATTLE.
WHAT? NO NITRO-GLYCERINE?
WELL, THAT'S ALL THERE IS IN THE LOCKER - SIX DIAPERS AND A RATTLE.
NOT EVEN A NOTE
OH, RED-CAP.
YES, MA'M?
THE MAN IN THE YELLOW OVERCOAT - GIVE HIM THIS PACKAGE.
BUT WHAT'S IN IT - AND WHO TOLD YOU TO GIVE IT TO ME?
THE LADY IN THE BLACK VEIL STANDING RIGHT OVER- HMM!! SHE'S GONE NOW.
AS TRACY AND PAT LEAVE THE RAILROAD STATION, A RED-CAP HANDS THEM A PACKAGE.
YOU HOLD THESE PAT. I'LL OPEN THIS PACKAGE.
IT'S SO LIGHT -MUST BE EMPTY.
1-19-40
WELL, LOOK AT THAT!!
A WAX RECORD! THE KIND THEY USE ON DICTATING MACHINES.
A WAX RECORD? DO YOU SUPPOSE THERES ANYTHING RECORDED ON IT?
AND IF THERE IS, JUST HOW DOES IT TIE UP TO THIS ABANDONED BABY CASE?


COME ON, PAT, WE'VE GOT TO GET TO A DICTATING MACHINE AND HEAR WHAT'S ON THIS WAX RECORD.
A FEW MINUTES LATER
WHAT WAS IN THE LOCKER, DICK?
EXACTLY WHAT THE MESSAGE SAID - BABY CLOTHES.
1-20-40
HERE'S A MACHINE, DICK I BORROWED IT FROM THE BULLETIN DEPARTMENT.
SAY - WHO'S DICTATING LETTERS AROUND HERE? WHAT GOES ON? YOU'RE NOT AUDITIONING THAT BABY?
JUST AS TRACY THE CHIEF ACT
HEAR THE BABY
WELL! THERE GOES THE WAX RECORD!
BROKEN BEFORE WE GOT A CHANCE TO PLAY IT!
I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT OF MY HEAD WHEN I STOOD THAT RECORD NEAR THE BABY.
MAYBE WE CAN GLUE IT BACK TOGETHER, DICK.
1-22-40
IMPOSSIBLE! WHEN THOSE WAX DICTATING MACHINE RECORDS BREAK - THEY'RE BROKE!
SO - THERE GOES OUR INFORMATION ABOUT THE BABY!
GU.. GOO... GLUG GU-GOO GOO
WELL, WE'RE SURE OF ONE THING, THAT WAX RECORD CONTAINED SOME KIND OF INFORMATION ABOUT THE BABY.
1-23-40
DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT VEILED WOMAN WHO GAVE THE RECORD TO THE RED CAP IS THE BABY'S MOTHER?
MAYBE SO -AND THEN MAYBE NOT.
JAN 23
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, TESS?
I'M WASHING THAT MERCUROCHROME WRITING OFF THE BABY'S BACK
KID, WHY NOT LOOSEN UP AND TELL US A LITTLE ABOUT YOURSELF? YOU COULD CLEAR THIS THING UP IN A HURRY IF YOU WANTED TO.
GOO GLUG GOO SKU-COO.
SO HE WON'T TALK, EH?

POLICE HOLD INFANT ABANDONED IN DEPARTMENT STORE TRUNK
NO TRACE OF PARENTS
WELL WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, MR KROWNEN?
YE GODS! IS THIS POSSIBLE?
FOUND
I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED. THAT'S WHY I RUSHED HERE WITH THIS EARLY EDITION.
HER CHILD. EH? HER CHILD! CAN IT BE?
I WANT YOU TO FIND OUT! WE MUST KNOW FOR SURE, UNDERSTAND? HERE'S AN INK PAD AND HERE'S SOME PAPER. YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO.
INK PAD
I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. TRACY, IF YOU PLEASE.
YEAH, WHAT IS IT?
TRAMS IS MY NAME, SIR. I'M SOLICITING FUNDS FOR THE CITY CHARITY FOUNDATION.
I'M SORRY OLD MAN, I'M AWFULLY BUSY RIGHT NOW.
SURELY SUCH A WORTHY CAUSE IS WORTH A FEW MINUTES OF YOUR TIME.
I'LL TALK TO YOU IN ABOUT AN HOUR, IF YOU'D CARE TO WAIT.
I'LL BE GLAD TO WAIT, MR TRACY.
AHA! THERE'S THE INFANT. I MUST ACT QUICKLY!
WHILE THE STRANGER WAITS TO INTERVIEW TRACY ABOUT A CHARITY CONTRIBUTION, HE SEES THE BABY ...ING IN THE NEXT ROOM.
WHILE EVERYONE IS MOMENTARILY ...
HE PRESSES AN INK PAD ... THE BABY'S FOOT.
THEN TAKING A PIECE OF WHITE PAPER HE SECURES A PERFECT PRINT OF THE BABY'S FOOT

HA! A PERFECT FOOTPRINT! GOOD! GOOD!
PERHAPS, MR TRACY, I'D BETTER DROP BACK AND SEE YOU TOMORROW.
YES, I WISH YOU WOULD I'M ALL TIED UP TODAY.
1-27-40
HM. DID I IMAGINE IT OR DID I SEE THAT CHARITY GUY COME OUT OF THE ROOM THE BOY IS IN?
WELL, ANYWAY, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT. THE LITTLE RASCAL'S KICKING AWAY FOR ALL HE'S WORTH.
YES BUT, THE BOTTOM OF ONE FOOT IS COVERED WITH BLUE FILM FROM AN INK PAD AND THAT ISN'T ALL RIGHT.
ISN'T THAT PURPLE INK ON THE BOTTOM OF THE BABY'S FOOT?
YEAH! HOW'D THAT GET THERE?
SAY, WHO'S BEEN IN HERE LATELY?
WHY, NOBODY - EXCEPT-- YEAH, THAT GUY WHO WAS COLLECTING FOR THAT CHARITY FOUNDATION.
MEANWHILE IN A WEALTHY HOME NEAR THE HEARTS OF THE CITY
COME IN
I WAS SUCCESSFUL IN PASSING MYSELF OFF AS A COLLECTOR FOR THE FOUNDATION AND I SECURED AN EXCELLENT PRINT
GOOD! AND IN THIS DRAWER ARE ORIGINAL HOSPITAL RECORDS. WE WILL COMPARE THEM
HOW DO THEY COMPARE, MR KROYWEN?
SHE WAS TELLING THE TRUTH THAT IS MY GRANDCHILD ALL RIGHT!
AND THE NEXT STEP, MR KROYWEN?
WE'VE GOT TO GET THAT BABY
AND AT THE FRONT DOOR OF TESS TRUEHEART'S APARTMENT A VEILED FIGURE KNOCKS AND WAITS AS THE DOOR SLOWLY OPENS
YES? WHAT'S IT?

DICK TRACY

BY CHESTER GOULD

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Copr. 1940, by The Chicago Tribune

SYNOPSIS- A BABY BOY ABANDONED IN A SUITCASE IS TRACY'S LATEST MYSTERY. THE ONLY CLUE TO THE BABY'S IDENTITY WAS A WAX RECORD WHICH WAS BROKEN BEFORE IT COULD BE PLAYED.

I AM THE BABY'S MOTHER. I READ WHERE THAT WAX RECORD HAD BEEN BROKEN BEFORE IT WAS PLAYED. YOU'RE A WOMAN- I CAN TALK TO YOU.

I KNOW YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS VERY WELL. PROMISE ME YOU WILL KEEP THE CHILD UNTIL MY PROBLEM IS CLEARED UP.

BUT WHAT IS YOUR NAME? WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T DO THAT- I MUST KEEP MY IDENTITY SECRET. PROMISE YOU'LL KEEP MY CHILD

I PROMISE.. BUT...YOU'RE CRYING!

THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU NOW. GOOD-BYE

BUT... YOU...

AS THE STRANGER TAKES A HANDKERCHIEF FROM HER BAG- A NEWSPAPER CLIPPING FLUTTERS TO THE FLOOR.

YOUNG MR KROYWEN IS HERE, SIR

KRESS, MY SON! WELCOME HOME.

WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE THIS TIME OF YEAR MY BOY?

YOU KNOW WHAT BRINGS ME HERE!

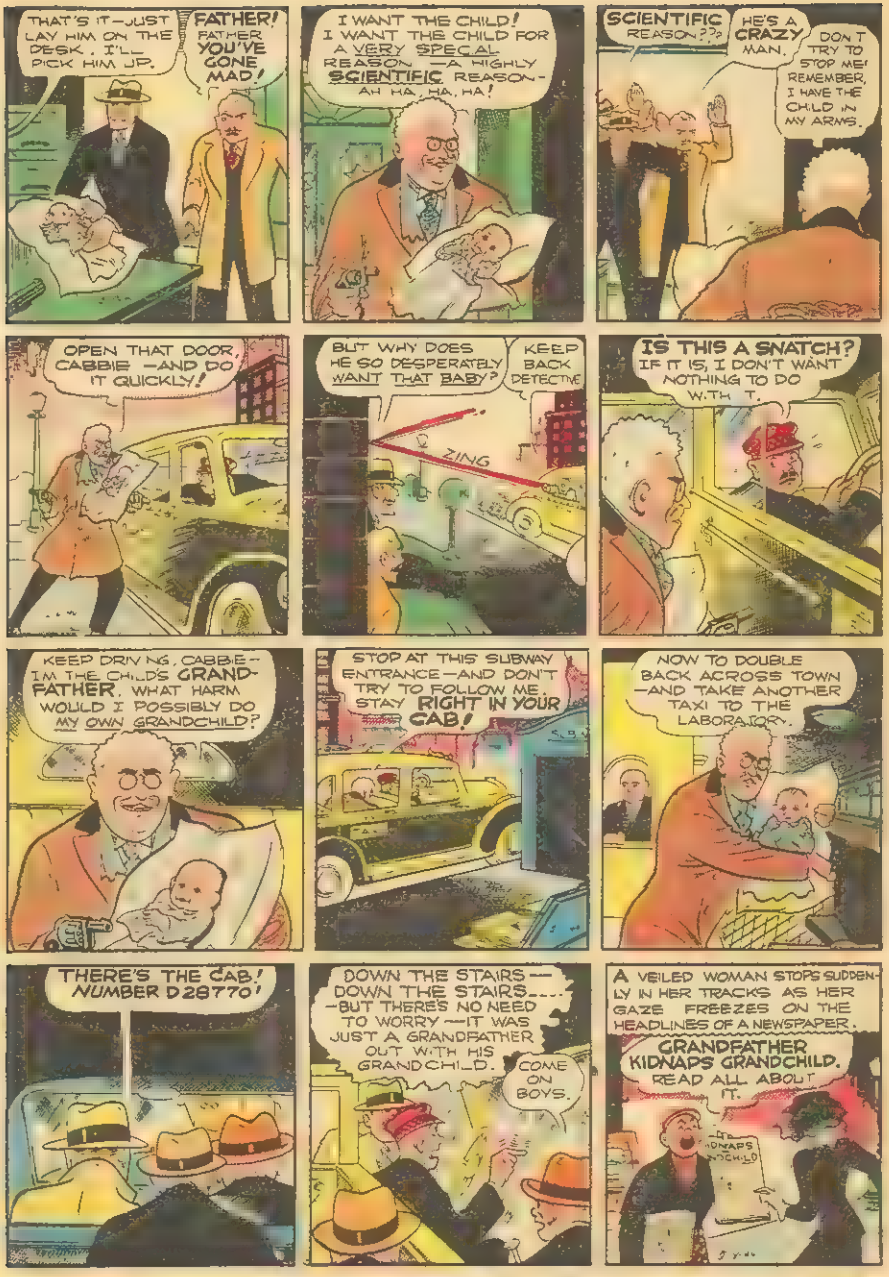
I'M GOING TO FIND THE WIFE YOU TRIED TO SEPARATE ME FROM! AND I'M GOING TO FIND MY SON WHO WAS BORN SIX WEEKS AGO.

DO YOU MEAN THAT BASE CREATURE WHO DESERTED YOU? THAT CHEAP--

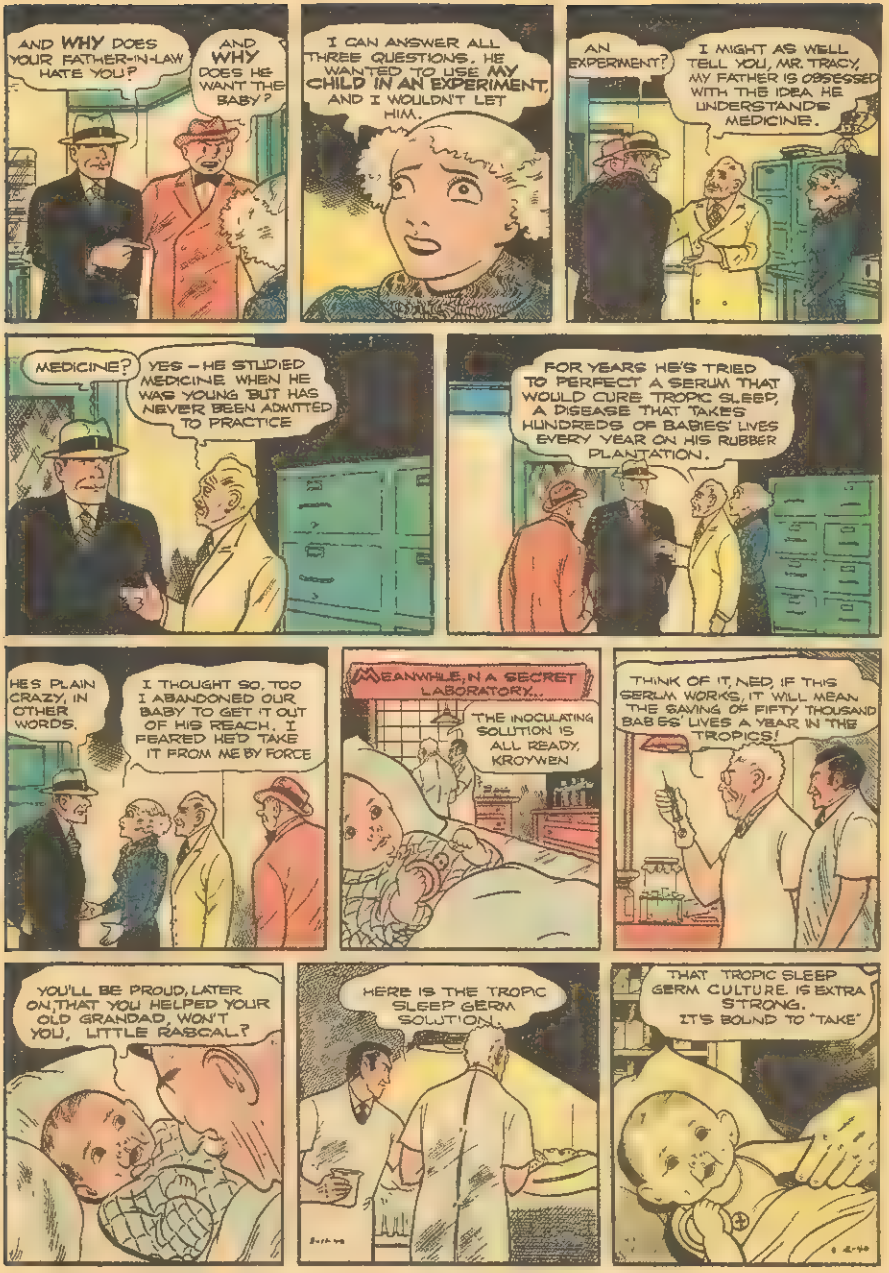
STOP IT!

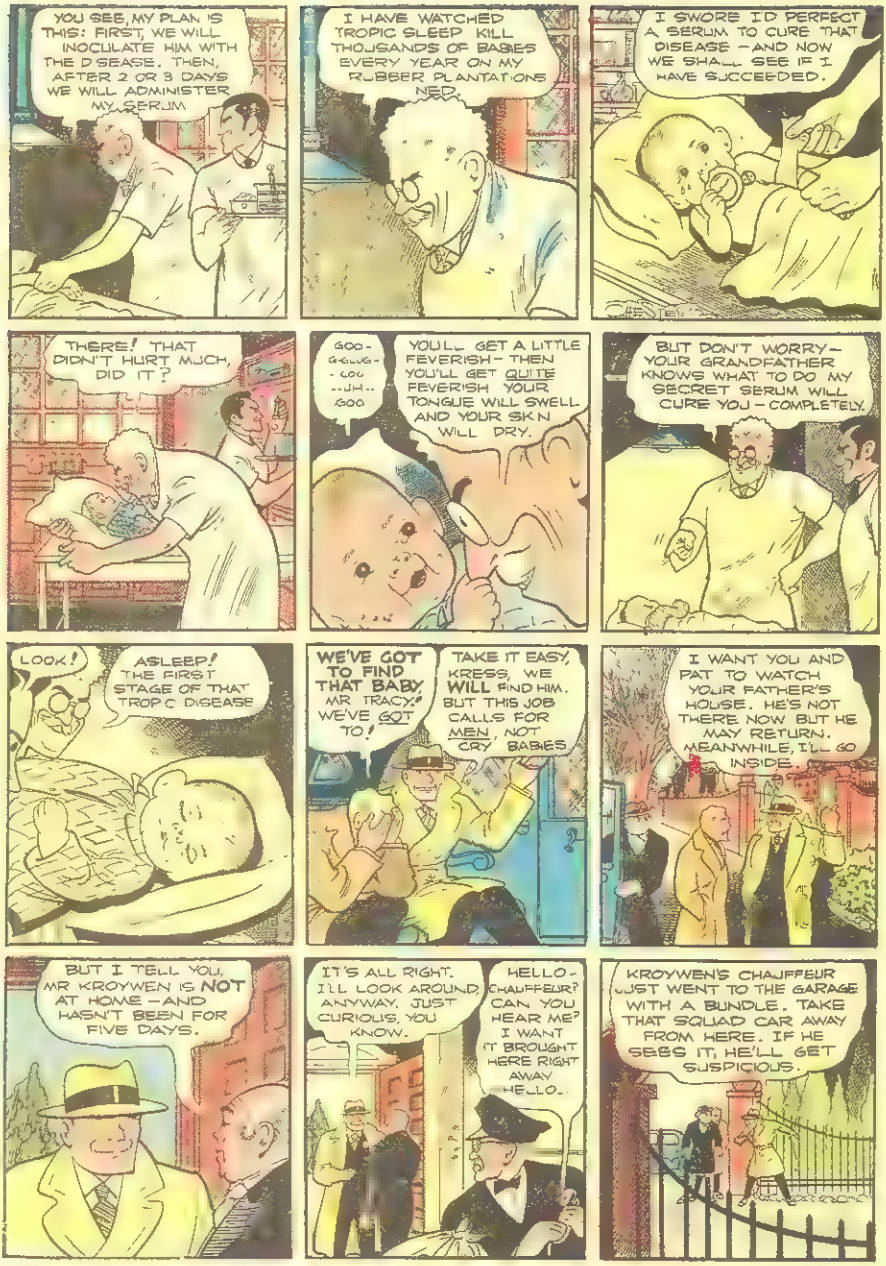
I'M SORRY I STRUCK YOU-FATHER--BUT ...YOU CAN'T SAY THOSE THINGS ABOUT MY—
-BUT YOUR WIFE IS A DESERTER. SHE'S EVEN DESERTED HER BABY!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? IT CAN'T BE!
-LOOK AT THIS NEWSPAPER CLIPPING.
POLICE HOLD ABANDONED BABY
INFANT FOUND IN SUIT CASE
I SECURED A FOOTPRINT OF THAT CHILD AND COMPARED IT WITH THE FOOTPRINT ON THE HOSPITAL RECORDS! THAT BABY IS YOUR CHILD!
IT ISN'T THAT I DON'T LIKE YOUR WIFE -BUT YOU CAN SEE...
HOW COULD SHE?
PERHAPS WE SHOULD GO TO THE POLICE AND TAKE A LOOK AT THE BABY.
YES--- BUT HOW COULD SHE HAVE DONE IT...HOW COULD SHE?
GET EVERYTHING READY IN MY LABORATORY. AT LAST WE ARE GOING TO PERFORM OUR EXPERIMENT.
GET ON YOUR COAT, SON. WE WILL GO TO THE POLICE IMMEDIATELY. WE WILL SEE THE BABY.
IF ONLY I COULD SEE HER AND TALK TO HER. SOMEHOW, ALL THIS DOESN'T FIT TOGETHER.
SHE WAS A ROTTEN WIFE KRESS
DICK! THAT MAN KROYWEN JUST TELEPHONED. HE'S COMING HERE TO SEE YOU.
KROYWEN?
THEN OUR WAITING GAME IS WORKING! THE RICH KROYWEN FAMILY IS INTERESTED IN THIS CHILD.
WHEN WE GET TO THE POLICE, KRESS, LET ME DO THE TALKING. I WANT THEM TO KNOW JUST WHAT KIND OF WOMAN SHE IS.
FATHER, ISN'T YOUR HATE FOR HER JUST A LITTLE UNNATURAL?
SON, WHEN I THINK OF THAT POOR ABANDONED BABY--- TCH...TCH..!

THIS IS MY SON, KRESS. HE JUST RETURNED FROM MY COFFEE PLANTATION IN SOUTH AMERICA.
HOW DO YOU DO, KRESS
YOU SEE, KRESS CAME BACK HERE JUST TO TRY TO LOCATE HIS BABY SON.
HIS BABY SON?
UNFORTUNATELY, KRESS WAS MARRIED A LITTLE OVER A YEAR AGO TO A WOMAN WHO DESERTED HIM WITHIN A WEEK. SHE PROVED WORTHLESS.
A LITTLE LATER, BUSINESS TOOK HIM TO SOUTH AMERICA. THEN, JUST A MONTH AGO, HE LEARNED A CHILD HAD BEEN BORN.
THEN YOUR JOB, KRESS, IS SO FIND YOUR WIFE, OFFER TO HELP HER AND THE BABY AND PERHAPS EFFECT A RECONCILIATION.
AH, THAT WOULD DO HIM NO GOOD.
SHE'S A BASE CREATURE. SHE EVEN THREATENED TO ABANDON THE CHILD. THAT'S WHY WE'RE HERE, DETECTIVE. WE READ THAT A BABY HAD BEEN ABANDONED—
STOP! STOP! I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF HIS LIES!
EVERYTHING HE SAID ABOUT HER IS A LIE. HE TRIED TO BREAK US UP BECAUSE WE WERE BOTH UNDER AGE. HE PRACTICALLY HAD ME SHANGHAIED TO SOUTH AMERICA.
YOU ARE RIGHT DETECTIVE! I MUST FIND HER. I LOVE HER, AND I WANT HER AND THE BABY.
FOR SOME REASON, HE HAS ALWAYS HATED HER. HE TRIED TO POISON ME AGAINST HER. ALL HE WANTS IS THE BABY.
JUST A MINUTE, KRESS.
THIS IS THE ABANDONED BABY WE FOUND. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'D RECOGNIZE ANY—
DON'T MOVE, ANY OF YOU. JUST HAND ME THE CHILD.


THAT'S IT—JUST LAY HIM ON THE DESK. I'LL PICK HIM UP.
FATHER! FATHER YOU'VE GONE MAD!
I WANT THE CHILD! I WANT THE CHILD FOR A VERY SPECIAL REASON —A HIGHLY SCIENTIFIC REASON— AH HA, HA, HA!
SCIENTIFIC REASON??
HE'S A CRAZY MAN.
DON'T TRY TO STOP ME! REMEMBER, I HAVE THE CHILD IN MY ARMS.
OPEN THAT DOOR, CABBIE —AND DO IT QUICKLY!
BUT WHY DOES HE SO DESPERATELY WANT THAT BABY?
KEEP BACK DETECTIVE
ZING
IS THIS A SNATCH? IF IT IS, I DON'T WANT NOTHING TO DO W.TH T.
KEEP DRIV NG, CABBIE— I'M THE CHILD'S GRANDFATHER. WHAT HARM WOULD I POSSIBLY DO MY OWN GRANDCHILD?
STOP AT THIS SUBWAY ENTRANCE—AND DON'T TRY TO FOLLOW ME. STAY RIGHT IN YOUR CAB!
NOW TO DOUBLE BACK ACROSS TOWN —AND TAKE ANOTHER TAXI TO THE LABORATORY.
THERE'S THE CAB! NUMBER D28770!
DOWN THE STAIRS— DOWN THE STAIRS— —BUT THERE'S NO NEED TO WORRY—IT WAS JUST A GRANDFATHER OUT WITH HIS GRANDCHILD.
COME ON BOYS.
A VEILED WOMAN STOPS SUDDENLY IN HER TRACKS AS HER GAZE FREEZES ON THE HEADLINES OF A NEWSPAPER.
GRANDFATHER KIDNAPS GRANDCHILD. READ ALL ABOUT IT.

NO – NO! HE COULDN'T DO THAT! HE'S.. HE'S...
I MUST GO TO THEM NOW. I MUST TELL THEM EVERYTHING. HEAVEN HELP ME AND MY POOR BABY.
THE CHILDS VERY LIFE IS IN DANGER, MR TRACY, HE'S A MAD-MAN -- A MADMAN.
WHAT COULD HIS "SCIENTIFIC" REASON BE? THAT'S WHAT'S.. HUH?
HELLO!
YES, MADAM, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I JUST READ THIS AND-
I'VE COME TO HELP SAVE MY BABY.
YOUR BABY?
TOBY– MY DARLING!
OH, KRESS, DEAR – MY HUSBAND!
TOBY TOWNLY! SO YOU ARE THE CHILD'S MOTHER? I HAVEN'T SEEN YOU IN YEARS.
AT LAST, I CAN TELL EVERY-THING.
WELL - HERE HE IS, NED.
SO I SEE, MR KROYWEN.
THE TUBES AND BEAKERS ARE ALL STERILIZED AND READY.
FIX HIM COMFORTABLY ON THE OPERATING TABLE WHILE I GET ON MY UNIFORM.
NED EVERY DOCTOR IN AMERICA WOULD GIVE HIS RIGHT ARM TO WITNESS WHAT YOU AND I ARE ABOUT TO DO. WE'LL BE FAMOUS, NED.
I AGREE WITH YOU, SIR.
HE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY. WE COULDN'T ATTACK HIM WITH THE BABY IN HIS ARMS.
BUT, TOBY, WHY DID YOU ABANDON YOUR CHILD IN THE FIRST PLACE?


AND WHY DOES YOUR FATHER-IN-LAW HATE YOU?
AND WHY DOES HE WANT THE BABY?
I CAN ANSWER ALL THREE QUESTIONS. HE WANTED TO USE MY CHILD IN AN EXPERIMENT, AND I WOULDN'T LET HIM.
AN EXPERMENT?
I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU, MR. TRACY, MY FATHER IS OBSESSED WITH THE IDEA HE UNDERSTANDS MEDICINE.
MEDICINE?
YES — HE STUDIED MEDICINE WHEN HE WAS YOUNG BUT HAS NEVER BEEN ADMITTED TO PRACTICE
FOR YEARS HE'S TRIED TO PERFECT A SERUM THAT WOULD CURE TROPIC SLEEP, A DISEASE THAT TAKES HUNDREDS OF BABIES' LIVES EVERY YEAR ON HIS RUBBER PLANTATION.
HE'S PLAIN CRAZY, IN OTHER WORDS.
I THOUGHT SO, TOO I ABANDONED OUR BABY TO GET IT OUT OF HIS REACH. I FEARED HE'D TAKE IT FROM ME BY FORCE
MEANWHILE, IN A SECRET LABORATORY...
THE INOCULATING SOLUTION IS ALL READY, KROYWEN
THINK OF IT, NED, IF THIS SERUM WORKS, IT WILL MEAN THE SAVING OF FIFTY THOUSAND BABIES' LIVES A YEAR IN THE TROPICS!
YOU'LL BE PROUD, LATER ON, THAT YOU HELPED YOUR OLD GRANDAD, WON'T YOU, LITTLE RASCAL?
HERE IS THE TROPIC SLEEP GERM SOLUTION...
THAT TROPIC SLEEP GERM CULTURE IS EXTRA STRONG. IT'S BOUND TO "TAKE"


YOU SEE, MY PLAN IS THIS: FIRST, WE WILL INOCULATE HIM WITH THE DISEASE. THEN, AFTER 2 OR 3 DAYS WE WILL ADMINISTER MY SERUM.
I HAVE WATCHED TROPIC SLEEP KILL THOUSANDS OF BABIES EVERY YEAR ON MY RUBBER PLANTATIONS NED.
I SWORE I'D PERFECT A SERUM TO CURE THAT DISEASE – AND NOW WE SHALL SEE IF I HAVE SUCCEEDED.
THERE! THAT DIDN'T HURT MUCH, DID IT?
GOO-GOO-GOO--UH-- GOO
YOU'LL GET A LITTLE FEVERISH – THEN YOU'LL GET QUITE FEVERISH YOUR TONGUE WILL SWELL AND YOUR SKIN WILL DRY.
BUT DON'T WORRY – YOUR GRANDFATHER KNOWS WHAT TO DO MY SECRET SERUM WILL CURE YOU – COMPLETELY.
LOOK!
ASLEEP! THE FIRST STAGE OF THAT TROPIC DISEASE
WE'VE GOT TO FIND THAT BABY, MR TRACY! WE'VE GOT TO!
TAKE IT EASY, KRESS, WE WILL FIND HIM. BUT THIS JOB CALLS FOR MEN, NOT CRY BABIES.
I WANT YOU AND PAT TO WATCH YOUR FATHER'S HOUSE. HE'S NOT THERE NOW BUT HE MAY RETURN. MEANWHILE, I'LL GO INSIDE.
BUT I TELL YOU, MR KROYWEN IS NOT AT HOME – AND HASN'T BEEN FOR FIVE DAYS.
IT'S ALL RIGHT. I'LL LOOK AROUND, ANYWAY. JUST CURIOUS, YOU KNOW.
HELLO – CHAUFFEUR? CAN YOU HEAR ME? I WANT IT BROUGHT HERE RIGHT AWAY HELLO.
KROYWEN'S CHAUFFEUR JUST WENT TO THE GARAGE WITH A BUNDLE. TAKE THAT SQUAD CAR AWAY FROM HERE. IF HE SEES IT, HE'LL GET SUSPICIOUS.

I'LL CLOSE THE GATES ····· THAT WILL STOP HIM, JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO HITCH ON TO THE BACK.
DARN THAT GARDENER — ALWAYS SHUTTING THIS GATE.
WAIT A MINUTE, BUD. I'LL TAKE CHARGE OF YOUR BUNDLE FROM HERE ON.
INCIDENTALLY WHAT'S IN THE BUNDLE AND WHERE ARE YOU GOING WITH IT?
WHY, YOU NOSEY MUG! IT'S NONE OF YOUR DARN BUSINESS. WHO ARE —
TRY THE BACK SEAT FOR A CHANGE. YOU HARDLY EVER GET A CHANCE TO SIT THERE.
A KNOCK!
OH, YES, THAT'S MY CHAUFFEUR WITH SOME CLEAN LAUNDRY. LET HIM IN
KNOCK
KNOCK
KROYWEN, FANCY MEETING YOU HERE!
WELL, WELL! COME IN, DETECTIVE.
PUT AWAY YOUR PISTOL. THERE'S NO NEED FOR THAT HERE. THIS IS A MEDICAL LABORATORY.
DO YOU REALIZE YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR KIDNAPPING?
WHERE'S THE BABY?
PLEASE DON'T TALK TO ME NOW I'M CHECKING THE CUBIC CONTENT OF MY SERUM. I'LL BE WITH YOU IN FIVE MINUTES
SERUM?
YOU'RE UNDER ARREST, KROYWEN, FOR K.DNAPPING! -AND — SAY, THE CHILD'S FEVERISH! HE LOOKS VERY ILL

DICK TRACY

BY CHESTER GOULD

Reg U.S. Pat. Off
Copr 1940, by The Chicago Tribune

AFTER KIDNAPPING HIS GRANDSON, KROYWEN HURRIES TO HIS SECRET LABORATORY, AND INOCULATES THE CHILD WITH THE DREAD GERM OF TROPIC SLEEP. MEANWHILE, TRACY HAS FOLLOWED HIM AND ARRESTS HIM. THEN TRACY NOTICES THE BABY'S FEVERISH CONDITION!

HE'S BEEN INOCULATED WITH TROPIC SLEEP GERMS FOR FOUR DAYS. I'M NOW PREPARING TO ADMINISTER MY OWN SERUM - A SECRET FORMULA THAT WILL CURE THAT DREAD DISEASE.

KROYWEN, YOU'RE DUSTING OFF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR FOR YOURSELF. I'M TAKING THIS CHILD TO A DOCTOR.

YOU IGNORANT FOOL! I'M THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN SAVE THAT BABY'S LIFE!

YOU'RE NOT A PHYSICIAN! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING. THIS IS MURDER!

KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF THAT CHILD!

SC/65 - 4/10

WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU TO THE BEST SPECIALIST IN THE CITY.
WAIT!
HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO KNEW THE SECRET OF THAT SERUM. IT'S SPILLED THERE ON THE FLOOR. AND — HE'S DEAD!
WHAT?
DO YOU MEAN TO SAY THAT AFTER INOCULATING THIS CHILD WITH THE TROPIC DISEASE, HE HAD ONLY ONE DECANTER OF SERUM PREPARED?
RIGHT, AND IT'S SPILLED THERE ON THE FLOOR.
NEVER MIND. THERE ARE ENOUGH GOOD DOCTORS IN THIS CITY TO CURE THE BABY— AND THEY WON'T NEED THAT MADMANS SERUM, EITHER!
YES —YES! QUICKLY. DO YOU HEAR ME? QUICKLY!
THREE MINUTES LATER
CALL THE MEDICAL EXAMINER! THERE'S A DEAD MAN IN THERE! MEANWHILE, THE OTHER OFFICER CAN TAKE ME TO A DOCTOR —AT CENTRAL HOSPITAL.
WAS THE DEAD MAN MURDERED? AND WHO KILLED HIM?
I SHOULD WORRY ABOUT THE DEAD MAN WITH THIS BABY'S FEVERISH BODY BURNING MY ARM! STEP ON IT! STEP ON IT!
—WITH TROPIC SLEEP? I SHOULD SAY NOT. THAT'S VERY CONTAGIOUS. YOU CAN'T BRING THE CHILD IN HERE.
BUT THIS IS A HOSPITAL —AND THIS CHILD IS SICK!
THERE'S NEVER BEEN A CURE FOR TROPIC SLEEP. IT'S SURE DEATH. NOTHING CAN BE DONE.
ARE YOU SEALING THIS BABY'S DOOM WITHOUT TURNING A FINGER?

MR. TRACY, WE CAN'T JEOPARDIZE THE LIFE OF EVERY INFANT IN THIS HOSPITAL--FOR ONE WHOSE CONDITION IS HOPELESS!
WHA-
MR TRACY!
MY BABY.
ALL RIGHT, IF YOU WON'T LET THE BABY STAY HERE FOR TREATMENT, WILL YOU SEND YOUR BEST DOCTORS TO TREAT THE BABY SOMEWHERE ELSE?
VERY WELL, TAKE THE CHILD TO THE CITY CONTAGIOUS WARD, BUT I ASSURE YOU THERE IS NO HOPE.
LET'S GO
WE CAN SAVE HIS LIFE, CAN'T WE, MR. TRACY? HE WILL LIVE, WON'T HE?
KRESS! YOUR FATHER'S SECRET RESEARCH PAPERS --WHERE DID HE KEEP THEM? HE MUST HAVE WORKED OUT HIS SECRET SERUM ON PAPER -- SOMEWHERE.
WHY-- HE HAD A STUDY AT HOME --WHERE HE DID READING AND WRITING
WE WERE SENT HERE BY CENTRAL HOSPITAL TO OBSERVE A CASE OF TROPIC SLEEP.
COME IN, GENTLEMEN.
WE MAY AS WELL TELL YOU, TRACY, THERE IS NO CURE.
BUT SUPPOSE I AM ABLE TO LOCATE A SECRET SERUM, WILL YOU ADMINISTER IT?
DETECTIVE, THE FINEST MEDICAL BRAINS HAVE NOT YET FOUND A SUITABLE SERUM-- I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU EXPECT TO.
WE'RE GOING TO KROYWENS HOME AND SEARCH HIS PERSONAL PAPERS AND NOTES. PERHAPS, PAT, THE THE OLD MAN WASN'T AS CRAZY AS HE SEEMED.
ANYWAY IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE.
IT'S NEARLY 3 A M NOW. HERE'S MORE COFFEE FOR YOU, SIR.
THANK YOU.
MISTER KROYWENS RESEARCH PAPERS ARE ALL JUST AS HE LEFT THEM, SIR.
PAT! LOOK HERE!
WE'VE FOUND IT! AN ENTIRE FOLIO ON "BLOOD" SERUM CONTAINING ANTI-TOXIN FOR TROPIC SLEEP."
THAT'S IT, DICK!

YES, MR. TRACY, THERE IS STILL LIFE — BUT - FEVER IS NOW 105° AND — WHAT? WHAT'S THAT??
I'VE FOUND IT! I HAVE IT HERE.
WHAT'S THAT YOU'VE FOUND?
THE SECRET OF THE SERUM KROYWEN WAS PERFECTING. PAT AND I RANSACKED THE HOUSE AND FOUND KROYWEN'S ORIGINAL NOTES.
NONSENSE! KROYWEN WAS NOT A MEDICAL MAN.
HE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT HE WAS DOING — HE WAS MAD.
BUT THE CHILD'S DYING! AND YOU DOCTORS ARE UNABLE TO HELP HIM.
MR. TRACY, TO TRY A MANIAC'S CONCOCTION ON AN INFANT LIKE THIS WOULD BE MANSLAUGHTER.
BUT THERE'S A BARE CHANCE THE OLD MAN KNEW WHAT HE WAS DOING.
HE KNEW CHEMISTRY! — AND HE HAD STUDIED THE DISEASE. WE'RE DESPERATE! IT'S OUR ONLY HOPE.
I FORBID—
YOU'LL FORBID NOTHING. COME ON, PAT, WE'RE TAKING THE BABY TO KROYWEN'S LABORATORY.
STOP THEM! HE'S OUT OF HIS HEAD!
CALL THE PROSECUTOR! WE'LL PUT THAT CRAZY DETECTIVE BEHIND BARS FOR THIS.
ON KROYWEN'S LABORATORY.....
DIRECTIONS ARE ALL HERE FOR ADMINISTERING THE SERUM. WATCH THE BABY WHILE I PREPARE THE DILUTION.
I HEAR FOOTSTEPS, TRACY!
STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE —

KEEP BACK, GENTLEMEN, AND REMAIN VERY QUIET—MR TRACY'S ORDERS.
HE...HE'S GOING TO ADMINISTER KROYWEN'S SERUM HIMSELF.
HE'LL GO TO THE CHAIR FOR THIS.
IT'S MURDER.
HELD BACK BY PAT'S THREATENING GUNS, THE SPECIALISTS ARE FORCED TO ALLOW TRACY TO ADMINISTER KROYWEN'S SERUM. HOWEVER, AFTERWARDS, DICK IS IMPRISONED, CHARGED WITH ADMINISTERING MEDICINE WITHOUT A LICENSE. THE BABY'S CONDITION GROWS WORSE . . .
MANSLAUGHTER, EH? SO THAT'S THE CHARGE I'LL HAVE TO FACE IF THE BABY DIES.
BUT, DICK, YOU WERE TRYING TO HELP THE BABY. YOU WERE TRYING TO SAVE IT'S LIFE! THEY CAN'T DO THIS TO YOU.
I WAS A FOOL! I PLACED TOO MUCH FAITH IN OLD MAN KROYWEN'S SECRET SERUM.
BUT KROYWEN HAD INJECTED THOSE TROPIC SLEEP GERMS INTO THE BABY. HE WOULD HAVE DIED ANYWAY.
MEANWHILE...
IS THE CHILD STILL ALIVE?
HE'S STILL TAKING THE OXYGEN.
DOCTOR!
YES, MISS TRUEHEART, COME IN.
MR. PATTON AND I MADE ANOTHER SEARCH OF MR. KROYWEN'S LIBRARY. WE FOUND THIS NOTEBOOK.
IT DESCRIBES THE EFFECTS AFTER THE SERUM HAS BEEN ADMINISTERED.
LOOK, DOCTOR, AT THE LAST PARAGRAPH.
"FOR THREE OR FOUR DAYS THE PATIENT LIES IN A COMA. AFTER ABOUT 72 TO 86 HOURS FIRST SYMPTOM OF RECOVERY IS SWEATING."

"SEVERE AND SUDDEN SWEATING IS A POSITIVE SIGN."
NURSE, DID YOU HEAR—
DOCTOR!
THE CHILD IS COVERED WITH PERSPIRATION!
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT MR. KROYWEN'S NOTES SAID WOULD HAPPEN AFTER 72 HOURS! THAT MEANS THE CRISIS IS PAST! THE BABY WILL GET WELL!
GIVE ME THAT PHONE!
YES, PAT... YES... ...WHAT? WHAT'S THAT? SAY IT AGAIN, PAT... SAY IT AGAIN!
YES...YES... I HEARD YOU, PAT.....BUT SAY IT AGAIN... BOY!.... GO ON, ONCE MORE!
TRACY! THE BABY'S OKAY- ISN'T HE, HUH?
SWEATING STILL CONTINUES. TEMPERATURE HAS DROPPED TO 101°.
DOCTOR, A MIRACLE HAS HAPPENED BEFORE OUR EYES!
NOW SIT DOWN THERE, BOTH OF YOU, AND DON'T GET EXCITED, PLEASE. TRY TO BE CALM. I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!
MY BABY! ...IS HE GOING TO...
WAH WAW WAH!
HUH! HE TOOK THE WORDS RIGHT OUT OF MY MOUTH.
I'M MIGHTY WORRIED ABOUT YOU, DICK! YOU KNOW OLD MAN KROYWEN DIED AS A RESULT OF THAT FIGHT WITH YOU OVER THE BABY AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S GOING TO —
EXTRA! EXTRA! EXTRA PAPER!

SECRET SERUM SAVES BABY! ---SECRET SERUM BABY LIVES!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME, CHIEF. IT'S VERY COMFORTABLE IN HERE! THE SUN'S SHINING AND IT'S A GREAT DAY! IF YOU FIND TIME LATER, DROP IN. PERHAPS WE CAN HAVE A GAME OF RUMMY.
OH, THE BOYS FROM THE D.A.'S OFFICE, EH?
YEAH. COME ON, YOU'RE GOING WITH US.
I'VE GOT TO FACE THE MUSIC ON THAT CHARGE OVER OLD MAN KROYWEN'S DEATH, EH. BOYS? ISN'T THAT IT?
UP THE STAIRS, TRACY.
WHAT IN--?? WHY, THIS IS--
WE WANTED YOU TO SEE HIM.. HE'S WELL AGAIN.
WE HAVE YOU TO THANK FOR THE CHILD'S LIFE, MR. TRACY. YOU HAD COURAGE ENOUGH TO DO WHAT YOU BELIEVED BEST. THAT SERUM PROVED A LIFESAVER.
AND, BY THE WAY, HERE'S A LITTLE REPORT FROM THE CORONER'S OFFICE, TRACY.
"AUTOPSY DISCLOSES THE DEATH OF MR. KROYWEN WAS DUE TO HEART FAILURE AND NOT TO ANY INJURY OR INJURIES RECEIVED IN HIS SCUFFLE WITH DETECTIVE TRACY"
WHAT?
YOU'RE IN THE GROOVE, DICK! YOU SHOWED 'EM ALL.
HM! WE DID SORTA SEE THINGS THROUGH, DIDN'T WE, KID?